

## He's So Pretty

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## He's So Pretty

by [Dayglade](#)

### Summary

George is an omega who spends most of his days living as a beta, working with his best friend, an alpha called Dream. However, in private, George much prefers looking pretty and feminine. It's a part of himself he's successfully kept hidden, that is until an unexpected visit from a certain alpha threatens to end it all...

Or

The adventures of femboy omega george and himbo alpha dream in a self indulgent fic with a happy ending :)

### Notes

This came to me in a dream.

First fic I've written in a long time so chapters are short.

Soz

Femboy omega George... enjoy!



## Finally some time alone

George practically ran home from work, positively bursting with anticipation.

For the first time in *months*, he finally had a week all to himself.

George had managed to accumulate five vacation days and was warned by his boss that, if he didn't use them now, he would lose them. Now, returning home Friday afternoon, George couldn't stop thinking about how he was only moments away from being free to live his authentic life-- a life he knew he wouldn't be able to maintain within his society.

George was an omega, not that anyone in his life knew that. He'd been taking beta hormones on and off for the better part of his life. It was just easier this way. The hormones allowed him something resembling independence, *normalcy*. He worked as a coder and he adored what he did; coding was such a big part of George's life and had been since he was a teenager. But his place of work strictly enforced a 'no omegas' policy, as was the norm for most workplaces.

Omegas had no respect. They were seen as breeders and whores, only useful for a good time and producing pups.

And, in fairness, George *adored* the idea of having pups of his own one day, caring for them with the help of a kind, adoring alpha. But right now it was impossible. He couldn't go on dates without the risk of word getting out that he was secretly an omega, which would surely result in termination from his job and a life of being pushed around by alphas.

No, thank you.

As a beta, he was more or less left alone. Of course, he still had to acknowledge his alphas and be respectful. But he was able to form *actual relationships* with them and be seen as almost equal.

His very best friend, Dream, was an alpha who'd transferred from America. How surprising it had been on that first day Dream showed up in the workplace. George had instantly recognised his scent, of course. An alpha working an office job? It was practically unheard of. Alphas usually had to take on much more 'highly regarded' roles, managers and CEOs and the like.

Perhaps this was what drew the pair together in the first place... Neither particularly 'belonged' in a coding job, yet both had defied their second genders to follow what they loved, even if Dream was still unaware of this link.

Dream was the perfect alpha, truly. He wasn't as vicious and primitive as the others. He was light-hearted and funny and seemed genuinely unhappy with the way second genders dictated everything about a person. Plus he was, George had to admit, extremely good looking. He smelled nice too...

George unlocked and stepped through the front door of his home. It was located in a small town next to the big city where he worked, so he commuted by train every day. George couldn't afford a nice place in the city and he definitely didn't fancy living in a dingy apartment either. Instead, his home was a charming bungalow, only a short walk from the train station.

When George had first moved in, Dream was a *huge* help with moving furniture. A strong alpha indeed.

But aside from that one instance, nobody had visited George's home, and for good reason.

The house *reeked* of omega.

The first thing George did most days was shower in an attempt to get that pungent beta smell off himself. Whenever he had longer breaks from work, such as he had now, he'd also take a fast-acting hormone neutraliser to completely wipe the beta hormones from his system.

The beta smell may have been bearable at work but it was *intolerable* in George's actual home. He simply wouldn't stand for it.

George took a neutraliser now to clear himself of the beta hormones he'd taken before work that morning. Then, he stepped into the shower to rinse off and provide himself with a blank canvas before slipping into something a little more *comfortable*.

Now smelling more like himself, George stepped out of the shower and made his way back into his bedroom. He walked past his 'professional' closet over to his personal one, containing everything he needed to feel... pretty.

The first thing George did was put on some pink lace panties with a matching, pre-stuffed, pink, lace bra. He liked the feeling of having breasts and, deep down, couldn't *wait* to have pups so that his breasts would develop in preparation for nurturing them. This was the way it worked for male omegas, after all, so it made sense that George found a certain comfort in this part of his routine. His current bra was stuffed to around a B cup and, on George's petite frame, it looked quite natural.

Next, George put on a simple, white, polo shirt then, over the top of that, a baby blue, short-sleeved sweater that showed the collar of the white polo underneath. Both articles were quite short, so when George put on his white, pleated tennis skirt, there wasn't too much fabric to tuck in.

George wiggled his hips a few times in front of a full body mirror, admiring the way the material of his skirt jumped and danced with each flick. His breasts also bounced gently, looking so cute through the clingy material of the sweater.

Approaching his dresser, George picked out a pair of white thigh highs and sat on his bed, slowly rolling them up over his soft, freshly shaven legs. He marvelled for a moment at how the stockings gripped his thighs, allowing tiny slivers of fat to gather around the top. Very feminine indeed.

For the final touches, George walked back into his bathroom, where he kept all his makeup and products. His hair was a bit damp, but George preferred to comb it while still slightly wet anyway and then allow it to go wavy. He reached into his makeup drawer, selecting a only few simple products as he was home alone. After moisturising his face and refining his brows, George applied some mascara, rouge and red-tinted cherry lip balm.

He blinked a few times, seeing how pretty he looked in his outfit and makeup. *So pretty*. He longed to be seen like this in public, but knew that he had to keep up appearances, lest he lose the life that allowed him to afford such commodities in the first place.

Even though George had every intention of just sitting down and doing some recreational coding-- perhaps plugins for video games he could play with his friends-- he still decided to complete the look with a pair of red high heels. They weren't impossible to walk in as the heel was only 4 inches and George's floors were mostly wooden. Plus, George would be spending the rest of the day sitting down anyway. His mind was made up; the shoes were simply too cute to go unworn.

After taking one final look in the large mirror, and smiling contentedly, George made his way over to his home office where he then set to work continuing various coding projects he'd started.

There he remained until he was interrupted not even one full hour later by a gentle, energetic knocking at his door followed by the sound of the unlocked door being opened.

# **I hope I'm not intruding**

## Chapter Summary

Dream leaves work to return to George something that he had accidentally left in the office.

## Chapter Notes

I'm pumping these out tonight before I go on hiatus for like a week

Dream enthusiastically waved his friend goodbye, concealing a growing sadness within him.

George deserved a break, of course. He worked so hard, anyone could tell. But a week of vacation days would mean Dream would have to go a week without seeing his smile, hearing his laugh, smelling his scent...

Not that his scent was really that special. He smelled like a normal beta... most of the time, but every now and then Dream would catch something so, so sweet emanating from George. He didn't think about it much, assuming it was probably a girlfriend or something lingering on his slender body.

Dream looked to George's desk for a moment, his heart dropping as he noticed that George had left behind his phone. Panic flashed in Dream's eyes as he quickly tried to tap George's contact and call him to inform him, only to realise after the fifth ring that George wouldn't be able to answer. Idiot.

Sighing, Dream walked over to George's desk to retrieve the phone before it got swept into lost and found. Surely George wouldn't survive a full week without his phone...

Suddenly a light went off in Dream's head, an idea formed. Dream had helped George move into his new home only around half a year ago. Perhaps it was a little stalker-ish but Dream couldn't help that he'd made a mental note of the location. He was an alpha, it was in his DNA to keep track of his pack.

Not that they were a pack, Dream remembered, feeling twinges of disappointment.

Still, his mind was set, after work he would return the phone to George as a nice little surprise. Dream felt giddy imagining the grateful smile George would get on his face, the way his cheeks would flush from delight and relief.

Unfortunately, while George had gone home early having finished all his assignments, Dream still had quite a bit left to do.

In all honesty, Dream was lucky to have been offered this job. As an alpha, he wasn't always the best at sitting still and following orders, yet he was so passionate about coding and desperately wanted a normal life. Most alphas were entitled and power hungry, and they were taught by society

that this was acceptable.

Dream fundamentally disagreed.

Perhaps it's because Dream himself was raised by his omega mother that he had such an unexpected understanding of just how unfair the system was. Alphas didn't deserve it easy, omegas didn't deserve it hard. Dream's own father was a rotten Alpha, truly a man who had been brainwashed into thinking that he could do what he liked, regardless of who was hurt.

Dream wouldn't be like him. Ever.

Newly motivated by his desire to excel in his office job and visit his friend, Dream managed to turn his focus back to his work.

It only took around an hour. Dream could get quite a lot done when he set his mind to it. He gathered his things, remembering at the last second to grab the phone, and made his way to the train station.

The way to George's house was pretty simple, Dream remembered. It was: exit the station, turn left, walk, walk, walk, stop. cross the road, walk, turn right and then it was the house with the blue door. Simple.

As Dream walked up the footpath, his senses suddenly became overwhelmed with a delightful, sweet omega scent. Dream's eyes rolled back for a moment as he was practically adorned in it through the open windows.

'Dammit,' Dream thought, 'George must have a girl over.' He almost turned around and headed home, but remembered that he needed to at least give George the phone before he left, or his trip would have been for nothing.

Dream knocked a few times, before the irresistible scent possessed his hands briefly and he turned the handle out of curiosity.

The door was unlocked.

Dream heard the faint tapping of high heels on wooden flooring as he stepped into George's hallway.

Looking up, Dream caught a brief glimpse of a beautiful girl standing in front of him. Her hair was short, dark and wavy, and she was wearing a cute, form-fitting blue sweater which was exquisitely showcasing her curves, her perfectly outlined breasts. Dream hated how his first instinct was to admire her form, he felt so dirty and primitive. She was a person dammit, probably George's girlfriend too.

Her brows raised and eyes widened upon seeing Dream in an expression that can only be described as pure terror. She suddenly and swiftly turned a full 180° so that she had her back to Dream and she just stood there, paralysed. Dream tried so hard not to look at her cute little ass as the skirt flicked up for a second when she spun.

Oh god, Dream realised, he had probably scared her half to death, some random alpha walking through the door. And she was an omega, Dream could tell, oh boy could he tell.

Dream decided to speak, keeping his voice as soft and gentle as he could manage. The beautiful omega was already releasing a scared scent. Dream felt so guilty.

"Hey. I'm so, so sorry to startle you. I'm uh- I'm George's friend from work, you must be his girlfriend." The girl didn't react. "Uh right- I'm only here because George forgot his phone at his desk uh- so could you make sure he uh- gets it?" Dream's voice was shaking slightly, he didn't understand why he was so nervous.

"Dream?" A voice spoke. It sounded like George but it also sounded really close. Like in the same room as Dream. Almost as though it had come from...

Dream walked closer to the girl, starting to circle around to face her. She didn't move at all as he did this, didn't run. She stayed completely still, almost as though she were accepting her fate.

Dream noticed that she had closed her eyes, a tear forming and running down her rosy cheek.

Out of instinct, Dream released a soothing scent and moved his hand to wipe away the tear. She opened her eyes now. Beautiful and brown and sparkling and- and-

"George?"



# So pretty, so warm, so beautiful

## Chapter Summary

George and Dream let their affection for each other take over

## Chapter Notes

Can't stop won't stop

Boom!

Another chapter

I am going to be so burnt out after this holy shit

This wasn't happening.

George scurried towards the hall, his heels lightly tapping away on the planks.

This- this couldn't be happening.

George didn't even need to see him, he could smell him. There was an alpha standing in George's doorway.

He reached the entrance, where an alpha had turned his back and was closing the door behind him. As soon as he looked over at him, George felt himself die. Just die.

How was he ever going to recover from this? Someone had seen him, dressed up and bathing in his omega scent. Nobody was ever supposed to see him like this, certainly not an alpha. Oh god, this was the end.

George quickly spun around, turning his back on the alpha without processing who it was. He considered running but his feet wouldn't move, frozen in fear. The alpha would be faster than some dainty omega femboy in four inch heels anyway. He could feel the alpha's eyes checking him out, likely already ravaging him in his mind.

George began releasing an afraid scent, a last ditch attempt to appeal to the alpha's humanity before he was savagely claimed.

"Hey. I'm so, so sorry to startle you."

A soft voice started speaking from behind George's back. Quite bizarrely, he could have sworn he recognised the voice.

"I'm George's friend from work."

Oh god. It couldn't be him. Not him. Or maybe this was better, right? No- no wait this was so so much worse.

"You must be his girlfriend..."

Dream's voice turned to a blur as George's mind raced. Had Dream not recognised him either? Thinking George was a girl might provide him a chance to get away unseen. Maybe he could just make a run for it and later tell Dream that it was his girlfriend that he'd encountered.

No, that was stupid, that was cowardly.

George knew Dream. Like, he really knew him. And he trusted him. If anyone had to find out... well perhaps it was inevitable that someone would visit his house eventually. And- and Dream was probably the one person George had secretly been wanting to share this part of himself with... for a while now.

Though George had accidentally tuned out Dream's voice, he could hear it slightly shaking. In any case, Dream wasn't the kind of alpha to lose control and hurt an omega. He didn't pose a threat to George, he was clearly just as nervous and uncomfortable as George was.

George took a deep inhale, feebly attempting to steady himself.

"Dream?" He lowly called out.

Hearing the alpha's footsteps moving closer sent George over the edge again, forcing him to close his eyes before he started hysterically crying.

With his eyes still closed, he could feel Dream in front of him, feel the heat of his breath. A tear escaped George's eye before he could stop it, running down his cheek and coming to a halt by the sudden presence of warm flesh on his face. George opened his eyes now, taking in Dream's soothing scent and soft expression.

"George?"

George tried to manage a smile, gently breathing out a soft "hi" before looking down. He couldn't maintain the alpha's gaze, he just couldn't.

Dream seemed to sense George's vulnerability; it wasn't hard to sense given the circumstances. He gently touched George's chin, lifting it so that their eyes met again. Dream's expression, though clearly confused, was free from judgement. He was still just trying to soothe George, to reassure him that the world had not ended.

After a moment of silence, Dream finally spoke.

"Uh- your phone... you left it on your desk." Dream reached into his pocket, retrieving the device. "I- I did try to call ahead... but uh, you know-"

George couldn't help but giggle at Dream's adorable mindlessness. Dream's charm and smooth american accent caused him to forget for a moment about the devastation that was to come. He tried to savour this fond feeling as Dream smiled in response, then continued.

"So you're- you're an omega." Dream stated, without even a hint of disgust or malice. He seemed to just be thinking out loud, trying to wrap his head around the situation.

"And you uh- you-" Dream continued, clearly referring to George's attire as he eyed George's

breasts and skirt.

"I like to feel pretty." George said, his face flushing a deep crimson.

"You are pretty." Dream replied, without missing a beat. It almost seemed to have slipped out of him, as though the words had been dancing on his tongue for a while now.

If George wasn't blushing before, he was certainly blushing now, not out of embarrassment but out of flattery. He smiled a genuine smile and Dream returned the gesture.

"You look so pretty George," Dream continued, seeming to like the way George was responding, "all I can think about right now is-"

*'Oh no, here it comes,'* George thought, *'he's going to try to fuck me, breed me, ruin me-'*

"-is how much I want to kiss you." Dream finished, his own face now turning a sweet rosy shade.

Kiss him? That was... unexpected. A kiss was such a sweet gesture, void from that primitive urge to just fuck and reproduce. A kiss was loving and affectionate. And for Dream to have asked instead of assuming he could just take, George was practically melting.

"Then... maybe you should," George replied, his heart racing uncontrollably.

Dream's eyes lit up hearing George's response and he gingerly placed his hand on George's soft jaw, letting it linger there as he caressed the omega's soft skin.

After a moment of warm stillness, Dream began gently guiding George's lips to his own. Usually the omega was much shorter than Dream but in his heels, they were now almost the same height.

Their lips touched and pressed together for a heartfelt moment before Dream pulled away.

George could see how hard Dream was trying to resist his instincts and be gentle, so George decided to initiate the second kiss.

George leaned into Dream, opening his mouth slightly as a clear invitation for Dream to deepen the gesture. He followed happily, beginning to swirl his tongue around as George delicately slipped his own tongue into Dream's mouth.

Their jaws moved in tandem. Their passion was so controlled but in a way that left them both satisfied yet wanting more.

They stayed kissing for a while, occasionally stopping for breaths. During pauses, Dream would mutter sweet affirmations to George.

"So pretty, so warm, so beautiful."

And George would feel his knees weaken at the tender praise, daring to imagine how Dream would speak if they did choose to take this further.

George did have a week's worth of vacation days, after all.

# Some calming jasmine tea

## Chapter Summary

Dream and George sit down for some tea and a chat

## Chapter Notes

So I didn't burn out!

May of may not have written the next 5 chapters while hyperfixating, who knows...

Fair warning, no smut yet. But it's coming. Oh boy it's coming.

Gonna start uploading every couple of days to pace myself but I'm enjoying writing this so :)

Every cell in Dream's body was at war.

More than anything, wanted to give into his most primal instincts, to claim and breed the omega right there and then.

But this wasn't just some omega, he was George and Dream cared for him very dearly.

And even if Dream had been with some random omega, Dream was stronger than his instincts. He was in control.

*He was in control.*

Terrified of overstaying his welcome, Dream began to pull away from the beautiful omega who had wrapped his arms around Dream's waist. They'd been making out for a while now and Dream really didn't want it to go further.

"George," Dream began, but quickly stopped speaking, finding that his thoughts were jumbled and nonsensical. He wasn't sure what to say, he wasn't sure what he wanted to happen next. George wasn't helpless, despite how society may have labelled him. He was still the same intelligent beta that brightened Dream's day. Every day.

"Alpha?" George softly replied, his glistening eyes seemingly glazed over in a submissive state.

Dream noticed the signs immediately and panicked.

"No!" He yelled, pushing himself away, deciding that he had to end this before it began. His growl startled George, yet seemed to have snapped him back to reality.

George blinked a few times, coming to his senses.

"Fuck. I'm sorry George, I- I didn't mean to growl like that."

"No, you were right to." George furrowed his brows. "God, here you are trying so hard to fight your instincts and I'm just giving in and making it harder for you. I'm sorry."

"It's okay... uh can we maybe talk?" Dream asked, noticing how George's cheeks flushed with apprehensive dread before he nodded.

George gestured to Dream to follow him, his heels tapping against the floor as he walked, serving as something of a constant reminder to Dream of his incredible outfit.

Everything about George had flooded Dream's senses.

The way George's stride was different now that he was wearing heels, feminine and sexy. The way the skirt flicked with every step taken as George swung his hips, revealing small glimpses of bare thigh peaking out from his stockings. Even George's head gently rocking from side to side, his wavy hair bouncing, was sending Dream to mars. And the scent oh god-

Dream desperately needed to chill out.

The pair reached George's kitchen and George invited Dream to sit at the dining table while he prepared some calming jasmine tea. Filling the kettle and switching it on, George reached down into his cupboard in search of some mugs.

Dream started gripping the table with such force he was surprised that it didn't break. George was really just leaning there, bending over the cupboard, his perfect ass on full display for Dream to see. His thighs were visibly spilling out over his stockings, a band of gorgeous soft flesh. In this position, George's skirt no longer covered the pink lace panties he was wearing, the sight causing Dream to choke.

Dream had to remind himself to breathe.

In that moment, he wanted nothing more than to ravage the pretty little omega, to lift him onto the countertops and fuck him senseless until he couldn't even remember his name.

Suddenly George snapped up, seeming to have just become aware of the scandalous position he'd been in. He turned to face Dream, his cheeks burning, and smiled apologetically.

"That was really careless of me. I'm sorry."

Dream couldn't speak, simply humming and hoping his friend got the message. He chided himself mentally for even considering such acts, for temporarily descending into that disgusting, primitive mentality that omegas were just playthings.

George turned back around and silently waited for the kettle to finish, absentmindedly swaying his hips from side to side out of nervous habit. As the water was nearing the boil, George retrieved a box of jasmine tea bags from a cupboard which was thankfully located *above* him. Dream tried extremely hard not to watch the way George's breasts bounced slightly as he stretched up to reach the box, the way his skirt lifted, once again showing a dangerous amount of thigh.

Shaking his head to disperse the thoughts, Dream concluded that the kitchen was a horny nightmare.

The kettle clicked and George poured the water into the two mugs, stirring the tea with a small spoon and carrying the drinks to the table.

Dream definitely didn't view this act as an omega submitting to and serving his alpha, absolutely not. Instead he elected to remind himself that he was merely having a drink with his very good friend who had been kind enough to not kick his ass out for intruding moments ago. Though, it did cross Dream's mind that George was probably having the same feral impulses.

"Careful, it's really hot." George cautioned, sitting down opposite Dream. "So... you probably have questions?"

Dream nodded, taking the warm mug in his hands. He noticed that the mug was minecraft themed, with a large picture of a parrot on the side. This distracted him briefly.

"Oh a parrot!" Dream excitedly exclaimed, "that's my favourite mob."

George chuckled gently. "I know," is all he said, before raising his own mug and revealing a similar design only with the image of a baby chicken instead. This elicited a similar soft round of giggles from Dream, before he remembered the situation.

"Oh uh- right, so... you're an omega. Why didn't you ever uh-" Dream didn't even feel like this question was worth asking. It was so obvious why someone would hide being an omega, what with the way they were treated. Especially male omegas. There was a horrible culture of fetishising female alphas and male omegas. Dream was quite aware of it, hearing the derogatory comments that were made about his alpha older sister growing up.

"It's not that I didn't trust you, Dream." George calmly replied. "I just felt like it wouldn't be worth the risk of telling anyone." George reached out to touch Dream's hand. "I know you're aware of how my kind are treated. Even though I couldn't tell you before for obvious reasons, I wanted to tell you now just how much it meant to me. All those things you said about how second gender shouldn't dictate a person's opportunities in life, it felt like you were speaking to my soul."

Dream was positively beaming at this. He'd always felt like no-one was listening, no-one was taking what he said seriously. But George, the one person who *needed* to hear those words had heard them. Positively beaming, indeed.

"I'm honoured to have met you, George." Dream blurted out before he could stop himself. George squeezed his hand before retracting it back to his tea.

"I'm honoured to have met you too, Dream. But I feel like there's probably another question you want to ask." George smiled nervously, taking a sip of his tea.

"Yeah." Dream paused. "Are uh- so are you a girl, George?" Dream felt heat rise to his cheeks. The answer felt so obvious but he had to ask to make sure.

George aggressively exhaled through his nose, almost choking on his tea. He had clearly anticipated the topic but not Dream's brash wording. "Oh my god I didn't mean to laugh at that. I'm such an asshole. It's honestly a fair question." George had noticed Dream's embarrassed reaction, and waited until he'd stopped smiling before he continued. "No, I'm not a girl. And I'm not pregnant either, these are fake." George said, gesturing at his breasts. "I just like the way I feel when I'm dressed like this. I've been uh- doing this for a long time now, but no-one knows."

"Cool," Dream said, unsure of what else to say. He took a sip of his jasmine tea, his face contorting and scrunching as he recoiled at the taste. *'Oh god don't be rude don't be rude don't be rude,'* Dream started chanting in his head.

"Cool," George repeated. "And can I ask you a question?"

Dream, still wincing slightly, nodded his head.

"How do you like the tea?" George managed to barely get it out, before bursting into a fit of laughter.

"That obvious huh?" Dream started laughing too, completely and utterly hopeless. "When you offered tea I was kinda expecting that cute English kind, with milk and sugar."

George started to calm down now. "Aw I'm sorry, baby," he said, the word 'baby' seeming to have carelessly escaped when he wasn't paying attention. He froze up for a second awaiting Dream's reaction. It wasn't every day that an alpha was called 'baby' by an omega, but Dream didn't protest.

"It's okay," Dream said, taking another sip. "Actually the taste is kinda growing on me."

## Staying the week

### Chapter Summary

George and Dream conclude their night.

### Chapter Notes

This one's a lil slow but I promise it will be worth it maybe

"Actually," George said after a few moments of contemplation. He had a question he'd been wanting to ask, but he was afraid that the answer might ruin what had so far been quite a positive experience. "There is something else I was wondering."

Honestly, George couldn't believe how well it had been going. Dream was truly one-of-a-kind with the amount of control he'd had, especially when George had seductively bent over while searching his cupboards. That was so irresponsible and careless of him, literally flashing his panties to an alpha as he served him.

The worst part was how George had been slightly aware of what he was doing. He knew he would drive the alpha crazy but it just felt so natural, so instinctual. It was probably that Dream's scent was still lingering in George's system, the same way it had when he was temporarily sent into a subspace after the pair had made out.

A lesser man would've lost it. But Dream... he was strong. So strong.

Dream took another sip from his mug. "Go ahead," he cheerfully encouraged.

"Uh," George faltered, trying to phrase his question correctly. "So in all the time I've known you... you never mentioned your uh... inclinations?"

Dream had a blank look in his eyes, he had no clue what George was referring to. What the fuck *was* George referring to? 'Inclinations.' Idiot.

"Pardon?" Dream smiled, crinkling his eyes.

George chuckled lightly. "Uh no wait, I mean like your uh- sexual orientation... your sexuality."

"Oh..." Dream paused, "I never really thought about that before."

"You never-" George was flabbergasted. "How do you just not think about who you're attracted to?"

"I don't know uh- I suppose I've always tried to just ignore that part of myself. I never wanted to give in to any urges or hurt anyone, you know?"

Oh god. Now George felt like the asshole again.



George softened his tone, biting his lip in embarrassment. "Oh right... sorry, I probably should've made that connection."

Dream went quiet and appeared distracted for a moment, deep in thought. George was slightly afraid he'd triggered something but waited patiently, watching as Dream looked up and seemed to mouth a few incoherent words.

"I mean I guess I'd probably say... I think I'm bi!" Dream suddenly exclaimed, smiling proudly.

George raised his eyebrows, more amused than surprised. "Wha- uh- that was quick."

"I just thought about who I've been attracted to before. A girl, a girl, a guy, a girl-" Dream glanced at George quickly before finishing with "*a guy*."

George blushed. "Right. It's that simple then." It had taken George years to come to terms with his sexuality and gender. He'd gone back and forth many times over the years before being comfortable in his current identity.

And here was Dream, speedrunning coming out.

But George was secretly extremely relieved by Dream's answer. He'd always thought a relationship with Dream would be impossible, that a relationship with almost anyone would be impossible, given the way he was. The alpha never seemed very interested in guys and George wasn't the type to be bold. Plus, if Dream had said that he was exclusively into the typical beta male, he might have been turned off by the way George liked to dress.

But Dream was bi, so he would probably be just as happy to see George in his current attire as to see him with no clothes at all.

No clothes at all.

George banished that thought, feeling slightly dirty afterwards. Just because they had the capacity for mutual attraction didn't mean they were in a relationship now. And Dream was so strict in his discipline, it wouldn't have surprised George if Dream had never had sex before.

And to be fair, George hadn't either.

Sex meant vulnerability and danger for someone like him. That's not to say that when George went into heat he didn't desperately *want* to have sex, he was an omega after all. But he just couldn't risk it. A male omega in heat was extremely valuable in some circles. That's why he had initially started taking heat suppressors-- the stories George had heard, even the thought of a life like that, he just couldn't risk it.

But then again...

If there was one person George could trust, it was clearly Dream. And he saw the way that Dream had looked at him, how he was still looking at him. And when they'd kissed, and when he'd called George pretty... perhaps it wasn't just a moment of weakness or a gesture of reassurance.

Perhaps it was something more.

"George?" Dream lightly called, noticing that George had been spaced out for a few minutes now.

"Would you maybe want to stay with me?" George suddenly asked. "Like this week, while I'm on vacation." George was quick to follow his offer with, "obviously you don't have to. Oh my god I

don't want you agreeing to anything that you wouldn't feel comfortable with but..."

"But?" Dream echoed, prompting George to continue, smiling encouragingly.

"But I really like you. And I'd love for you to get to know the real me, in a setting where I can just be myself... if you'd be interested."

Dream started practically glowing, nodding repeatedly with a huge grin on his face before standing up and effortlessly lifting George into the air. With Dream's arms wrapped around George's slim waist like this, he felt ecstatic.

Dream span around a few times, George wrapping his arms around Dream's neck and holding on for dear life, before he was set down. Dream looked as though he were about to apologise for the sudden outburst but George stopped him, pulling him in for a warm, passionate kiss.

After the kiss, Dream leaned into George's ear and whispered "I really like you too, but I think that's probably pretty obvious by now," eliciting soft giggles from George.

They spent the rest of the evening cuddled together on the sofa in George's living room while some uninteresting TV show provided soft background noise. Occasionally the couple would descend into giggles and heated makeout sessions, but never went further than one moment when Dream began sucking on a particular spot on George's neck, before he retracted himself.

George desperately wanted to be covered in Dream's marks, to be adorned in love bites from his alpha, but he knew that Dream would take time before he allowed himself to do anything like that.

Neither of the couple had fancied cooking so they decided to order pizza, something George usually couldn't do. When the pizza man came to the door, George made himself scarce and Dream answered it, his eyes narrowing protectively as the beta delivery man seemed to take in George's strong, sweet omega scent. Luckily, Dream could be extremely intimidating when he wanted to be. And it definitely didn't hurt that he was an alpha.

Being an alpha came in handy again as Dream emailed the pair's boss, informing him that he was in a rut and wouldn't be coming to work for a week. There was a law in place granting alphas in a rut a mandatory week off upon request and, although Dream had told George that he was on rut suppressors, their boss didn't have to know.

The night went quite peacefully until it was time for bed. George wasn't sure if Dream had fully understood that George always chose to wear feminine clothing in his home, especially when he slept.

He wasn't sure if seeing George in his nightie would be too much for Dream to handle, but a large part of George kinda wanted to push his luck.

He felt exhilarated as he went into his ensuite bathroom to get changed for the night.

# A nightie to remember

## Chapter Summary

Dream and George go to sleep :) zzz

## Chapter Notes

Welcome to the beginning of our descent into horny jail

Please mind your step

As the pair laid on the couch, Dream felt the omega softly yawn into his chest as his own eyelids grew heavy.

It was getting quite late and all signs indicated that George wanted Dream to stay the night. Even though this scared Dream, he knew that he could control himself for George, desperate to not fuck this up... whatever this was.

As Dream was led into the bedroom, he noticed the scent intensifying. George had a large bed, made up with lilac bedding, clearly with more than enough space for both of them.

It smelled incredible.

George reached into one of his closets, retrieving a large white t-shirt and some checkered pajama pants. The clothes were clearly intended to be worn oversized but looked like they would suit Dream's tall form nicely.

"Tell me if these fit comfortably." George requested, passing Dream the shirt and pants for him to wear to bed. The clothes smelled so strongly of George, his omega scent clinging to the fabric. Dream drank it up, letting the hormones flood his system and corrupt his brain.

Without thinking, Dream started stripping, removing his work shirt and kicking off his pants in the middle of the bedroom. Soon he found himself standing in just his boxers, facing a very surprised George who was biting his lip. The omega's eyes widened as he became aware of Dream's lack of clothing and he covered them with his hands, swinging around to face the wall so that he wouldn't be tempted, his skirt flicking up as he spun.

"Oh right, sorry." Dream called out as he continued changing. Soft chuckles from George informed him that no harm had been done. Dream proceeded, shimmying into the checkered pajamas, which fit him surprisingly well. God, George must have been completely devoured wearing these pants.

"Ok I'm finished." Dream stated, as George turned back around to face him.

"Oh they look really good! Do they feel okay?" George asked with care. Dream nodded and George invited him to wait on the bed as he got changed in the bathroom. Dream complied, climbing under the covers and briefly noticing George as he reached into a drawer and retrieving a

skimpy piece of sky blue material.

Dream could've sworn he saw George mischievously grin before slipping into the ensuite and closing the door behind him.

He finally emerged ten minutes later, having removed his makeup and breasts. Dream wasn't sure what he was expecting, but the sight of George in a short, thin, silk nightie left him breathless. Literally breathless.

The silky material of the nightie simultaneously hung off George's small frame loosely and hugged his natural curves, leaving little to the imagination. It took all of Dream's effort to not start whimpering at the sight. Plus George was still wearing his white, thigh high stockings, the tops of which were now completely visible under the short nightdress.

George lingered in the doorway for a moment shyly, his knees turned inwards and his face flushing. "Is this alright- I mean, are you comfortable with me wearing this?" George asked, then bit his lip.

Dream felt his tongue dry up, but managed to babble a "yeah, no, of course, it's no problem at all." George let out a sweet little sigh of relief and smiled as he climbed into bed with Dream.

At this point, Dream was seriously struggling to function. A few minutes had passed and already George had absentmindedly snuggled up to Dream's body because he was a source of heat. George was slightly cold, despite the thick winter duvet enveloping the pair. He was shaking slightly, his nipples poking through his silky nightdress, Dream reluctantly noticed. He couldn't work out why George was so freezing, the bedroom was a very comfortable temperature.

Dream pulled the sleepy omega tighter, placing his hand on George's waist. The touches, though hesitant, were well received by both parties. Dream felt George gently planting kisses on his cheek and chest as he fell into a slumber.

His sleep was peaceful, comfortable, uninterrupted. He didn't dream that night, but he supposed that the last few hours had been a better dream than his brain would ever be able to devise.

The next morning, Dream awoke and noticed that in his sleep, he had been spooning with George. He didn't want to pull away just yet, lest he wake up the little spoon with his sudden shift in position. George's scent gland was right in Dream's face, as well as a lightly developing hickey on his neck from yesterday.

Though he knew it was primitive for him to think so, Dream admired the hickey, desperately wanting to make more and mark his mate for all to see.

But he didn't.

He just closed his eyes and leaned his head into George's neck, enjoying hearing his soft, steady breathing and just being in his presence.

The calm didn't last long though, as Dream began to feel a tightness in his pants. His hardening dick was pressed against George's ass through the layers of fabric, exactly where his hole would be located. Dream tried desperately to stop thinking about George's tight, empty hole by his starved, erect cock, to think of absolutely anything else, but it was no use. The harder he tried, the harder he became.

Eventually Dream had to make a decision: turn over and risk waking George or stay still and hope the boner went away. Mentally, Dream had already made his choice and began attempting to

shuffle backwards, only to feel George performing the same motion. His ass and subsequently his entrance were now applying more pressure against Dream's dick, which had started leaking precum.

The sleeping omega let out a soft moan, startling Dream. Was he awake? Was he doing this on purpose? Dream tried to pry himself up from the bed to investigate, catching a glimpse of George's blushing cheeks and hard nipples. Suddenly George began to wiggle his hips against the crotch, causing Dream's eyes to widen in surprise as he fell back onto the bed with a thud.

The forceful movement sent ripples across the mattress, waking George whose eyes fluttered open.

"Mm Dream?" He quietly called out.

Dream was red from the stimulation, thoughts of lifting George's nightie and filling him where he lay were all-consuming. George's morning voice was so soft, so sweet. Dream was practically shaking trying to control himself.

George had begun to stir, likely worried by Dream's silence, unconsciously releasing a nervous scent.

"I'm here, George." Dream eventually got out through hastened breaths.

George turned over onto his other side to face Dream, his eyes half-lidded and glazed over. He smiled sleepily, kissing Dream, then instinctively nestling on his warm chest, with his head angled downwards. That was when George seemed to notice the protrusion in Dream's pants as he gasped lightly, and looked back up to the flushing alpha.

"Sorry, I'm not- I didn't mean to-" Dream began, before noticing a delighted smile appear on George's face again as he raised his eyebrows cheekily.

"May I?" George softly uttered before disappearing under the covers. Dream felt his pants lightly being pulled away and a small hand beginning to fondle Dream's cock through his boxers.

Dream's soft moans seemed to encourage George as he began to take off Dream's underwear, freeing his leaking, trembling dick. George wrapped a cold hand around it, sending shudders down Dream's spine as the hand began to slowly work its way up and down the entire length, in a gentle pumping motion.

Dream had never been touched like this before by another person, each pump eliciting pleased moans from his lips. But with the pleasure came a nagging sense of guilt.

Small at first but eventually overpowering, Dream became terrified that he had somehow coaxed George into performing this act, manipulating him while he was in a vulnerable state.

When George's hand suddenly stopped and Dream began to feel warm *breath* condense against his sensitive dick, he decided to intervene.

# Relief at last

## Chapter Summary

Dream helps George with a thing

## Chapter Notes

Let me get this straight, you think that making your chapter summaries dumb, vague understatements is funny?

I do.

And I'm tired of pretending that it's not.

The scent of Dream had followed George all night.

He woke up extremely horny and in a headspace he rarely entered. All George could think about was Dream, his mouth, his hands, gentle touches, words of praise, the sensation of the alpha's dick in George's mouth, the taste of his cum, moans of pleasure, Dream inside George, filling him, breeding him.

George couldn't control himself, he didn't want to. All he wanted was his alpha.

George turned over in his bed, greeting his alpha with a tender kiss and gentle hug. He looked down under the covers and noticed that his alpha was rock hard. How delicious!

After requesting permission, George began to slide under the duvet so that he could better look at Dream's cock. It was so big, George could tell through the fabric. Tugging the pajama pants down, George began fondling Dream's dick through his boxers, each touch eliciting delightful moans from the alpha above. But it wasn't enough, George wanted more.

He pulled down Dream's boxers and nearly got smacked in the face by his long, erect cock. So big... George would feel so full with that inside him.

He began with light touches and strokes, then wrapped his hand around the cock and began pumping slowly and carefully. George didn't want Dream to cum, not yet, not until he was inside him. The noises Dream was making were intoxicating, a sweet symphony in George's ears. With every pump, Dream's breath would hitch before a low moan would soothingly flood George's senses. Eventually he could feel his alpha getting closer to a climax, and decided that he wanted a taste.

Moving his hand away, George positioned his face right in front of the dick, his hot breath sticking to the exposed flesh.

Before he could take him in his mouth though, Dream suddenly pulled back the covers and leapt off the bed, boxers still hanging around his thighs, his dick tauntingly free and accessible. George

positioned himself on his hands and knees, facing his alpha as he began whining and whimpering for Dream's sweet cock.

"Alpha please, *please* let me serve you. I want nothing but to submit to you, oh please alpha, let me pleasure you, let me *taste* you-"

"George!" Dream growled. "What has gotten into you?! Are- are you in heat right now or something?"

George swallowed hard and blinked a few times, trying to form coherent thoughts, subconsciously shaking his hips in seductive motions to maintain his alpha's interest. Dream had requested information, George desperately needed to provide for him, to provide for his alpha however and whenever he could.

"When I stop taking the beta hormones, I go into a little 'mock' heat for a couple of days. It's not the real thing, I can't get pregnant because I'm still on suppressors. But I'm sure you can see what it does to me..."

George crawled closer towards Dream.

"What *you* do to me."

Everything George was searching for was right there in Dream's eyes; he wanted this just as much as George did. He wanted to be served and submitted to. George could see the way Dream's eyes followed his hips and ass as he sensually crawled.

"You're not in your right mind, *omega*," Dream carelessly let the honorific slip out, sending George even further into his subspace. "Fuck- fuck I didn't- George, I meant to say George."

"Mmmm~ please call me omega again," George whined, coming to a stop at the edge of the mattress and spreading his legs so that Dream had a perfect view of George's own erection. Omega males tended to be smaller, which is probably why Dream was so surprised by George's size. Though not larger than Dream, George definitely held his own against the expected standard. His cock was leaking precum which was already visibly beginning to stain his lace panties.

Dream's chest was rising and falling violently, his hands shaking slightly. He was so, so close, George could tell how much he liked the sight he was seeing. Dream reached out his hand to cradle George's face and George leaned into the touch, turning to lick at Dream's palm then starting to suck on his fingers.

"You really need this relief, George?" Dream asked, his tone soft and genuine.

George's eyes were beginning to well up in response to his alpha's display of love and care. Seeing Dream so concerned drew George out of his cloudy state, just long enough for him to utter, "relief... please, Dream."

Dream reached out to wipe away a couple of George's escaping tears before climbing back onto the bed. "Okay, tell me what you need doing, George."

"Fill... me..." George pleaded in the most sincere voice he could manage given how much he was now aching. George crawled over to the headboard of the bed, positioned on his hands and knees, and placed one of his hands on top while spreading his cheeks. Slick began leaking out of his asshole as Dream took off George's soaked panties, tossing them on the floor.

George moved his free hand to begin preparing his hole for Dream's large dick. He slid in one

finger then, shortly after, he added a second and began stretching while he softly moaned. George was still facing the headboard so couldn't see how Dream was reacting but he trusted that his alpha would have spoken up if something was wrong.

A third finger probably could have been added, but George was too impatient. His hole was fully coated with slick so Dream would hopefully slide in easily anyway. He removed his fingers, holding the headboard with both hands now, awaiting his alpha.

George *melted* as he felt two large hands gently seize his hips through his silky nightie, ruffling the fabric to hoist it up and uncover George's entrance. Dream started working his way down George's arched back, leaving a trail of kisses until he reached the opening.

The sensation of Dream's tip beginning to poke at his entrance made George's breath hitch and he mumbled as loudly as he could, "you're in the right spot, I'm ready for you." He'd realised that Dream needed constant reassurance that George was still cognisant and consenting.

Dream regarded George's confirmation, whispering back instructing George to say if something was wrong or if Dream was hurting him. George nodded and Dream began pushing in.

He entered slowly, easing up at the slightest hint of resistance. It was only through constant reminders of "keep going, you're not hurting me" that Dream made it all the way in.

George had been right about one thing, he felt so *full* now with Dream inside him.

Dream found George's prostate effortlessly and, after requesting a check-in from George and receiving the 'all good,' Dream began working his way in and out, softly moaning at the sensation. George was aware that this was Dream's first time inside someone, pride beginning to swell up inside him. The thought of being the first to bring such pleasure to the alpha was bringing George even closer to the edge.

George felt Dream beginning to speed up as he chased his release, stimulating George's prostate again and again. He seemed to be enjoying himself, now evidently less stressed as it was Dream who was softly babbling about how *pretty* George was and how *wonderful* he felt.

Suddenly, one of the hands on George's hips vanished, reappearing wrapped around George's cock. As Dream neared his climax, he wanted his omega to cum too, ensuring mutual satisfaction.

George's eyes rolled back, as the alpha filled him up with warm fluid. Oh, *yes!* Instantaneously, George came onto his pillow, panting with his tongue hanging out as waves of orgasmic pleasure made him tingle and twitch with stimulation. He was crying at the sensation, overwhelmed with primal fulfilment.

Dream collapsed by the foot of the bed, huffing loudly as he began to come down from his high. George fell down onto his knees, before flopping backwards, next to a gradually recovering Dream. The sobs had stopped now but George was still utterly breathless.

The pair laid for a moment before Dream uttered that he was going to have a shower.

George barely managed a "thank you," as Dream peeled himself off the bed and headed into George's ensuite, leaving George to revel in his new memories.



# The beautiful girl returns

## Chapter Summary

I mean the chapter name pretty much sums it up right???

## Chapter Notes

More femboy gogy coming right up!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Did that just happen?

Dream had never dared to imagine how good that would feel. He couldn't stop thinking about it, about *him*.

George.

*George.*

Oh George.

He'd been so patient, so receptive. That charmingly ordinary beta from work, secretly this intoxicatingly beautiful omega. Dream was only mad he hadn't visited sooner.

He'd kissed George on the forehead before George seemed to doze off. Good. Dream decided to just leave the omega to rest for a bit, to recover from what Dream assumed was his first 'heat' in a long time. It would give Dream the opportunity to run back to his apartment and pack a few clothes and essentials for the week ahead.

Getting out of the shower, Dream searched through one of George's closets, looking for something to wear while he went out. The sight of such a vibrant selection of skirts, dresses and hosiery informed Dream that he was probably looking in the wrong closet, but his heart started beating a little faster imagining George wearing the outfits. Moving to the second closet, he managed to find some oversized grey sweatpants and a large, long sleeved, blue jumper. Good enough for the time being, and it didn't hurt how soft the material was against Dream's skin.

George was slowly breathing, lying almost completely still as he slept. He looked so peaceful. The thought of being apart from him, even for only a few moments, made Dream's heart begin to ache. He kissed the top of George's head, his lips brushing against the omega's soft hair, and sent a few texts to his phone explaining where he was going in case George awoke and panicked.

Then, Dream made his way back to the station, catching a train and walking the rest of the way back to his flat. Once in, he frantically packed some clothes, underwear and essentials, almost losing his phone under a pile of clean socks.

After only an hour or so, Dream was back outside George's bungalow, standing in front of the blue

door as it *suddenly swung open*.

The beautiful girl was back.

And quite evidently, she had dressed for an audience today.

Her gorgeous dark eyes were lined with black eyeliner, ending in sharp cat flicks. Her mascara made her eyelashes look long and full as she fluttered them, teasing Dream. She had contoured and highlighted her face today, her cheeks and the tip of her nose adorned in pink sparkles. Her lips were a beautiful, dark, plum colour, full and lush and slightly glossy. Around her neck was a lacy black choker with a small, shiny, metallic ball dangling around the centre. The choker's material was undeniably similar to that of her exposed bra straps, perhaps even the exact same. No coincidence, of course.

She flaunted her bra straps as she flaunted her breasts: with pride. It was as though she considered both to be a badge of honour. Lingering in the doorway, she stood, folding her arms behind her back and lightly pushing outwards, showing off her shapely chest and defined collarbones for all to see.

Today she was wearing a pale, blue off-the-shoulder blouse that was tucked into a scandalously short, black, pleated skirt. Dream had no doubt that the skirt would have already been around mid-thigh length but the waistband had been rolled enough times that, from the back, George's black lace panties were entirely visible.

George spun around, not even welcoming Dream, merely leaving him to follow behind in a state of shock and awe. He swayed his hips purposefully as he walked back to the bedroom, a different pair of pale blue heels creating a hypnotising tapping sound. Today George was wearing black thigh highs that were being held up by extremely visible garters. The way the skin around the garters dipped, creating small bundles of flesh was glorious to behold.

Another sound now accompanied the pair as they walked: a faint, soft jingle. Dream looked again at George's throat, realising that he was in fact wearing a collar with a bell attached in the middle. Dream was certain he'd hear the sweet sound ringing in his ears until the day he died.

Once they reached the bedroom, Dream found himself swallowing hard as George plucked the small suitcase from Dream's hands and seductively bent over, placing it down gently next to the wall. He smiled as he straightened up, clearly relishing in the way Dream was drooling from the sight of his lace-covered ass.

George then turned and began heading for the kitchen, Dream blindly following the exhilarating sounds and smells a few steps back, like a lost puppy.

Once in the kitchen, George politely offered Dream some strawberry jam toast which Dream accepted in something of a daze. George busied himself with preparing the food, shaking his ass playfully, *knowingly*, every time he had to make the slightest manoeuvre.

Dream enjoyed the sight for a bit before worries and fears bittered his thoughts. He looked down, feeling his chest sink as he figured that George was probably only acting this way due to his heat.

"Hey uh- George?" Dream called out lowly, his voice slightly pained with his dejection.

George seemed to notice the tone, likely expecting it. He turned around to look at Dream, the expression on George's face more serious now.

"About earlier..." Dream began, "you know, I never would've- I just- because you looked like you

needed it so bad-"

"It's okay, trust me. I'm grateful, Dream. Genuinely."

"I just don't want you to think I was using you or anything... It's just that I remember growing up, how my mom would get when she was in a heat..." Dream's eyes suddenly widened as his cheeks flushed. "Wait no, that makes it sound like I've fucked my mom-"

George burst into an adorable fit of laughter at Dream's faux pas. "Well I mean, I wasn't thinking that until you said it. And now I'm not so sure..."

"Oh shut up," Dream playfully growled, followed by George mockingly whimpering.

It was nice to see George back to his normal self. Well not his 'normal self' per se, but a new normal that Dream was *gladly* adjusting to.

George's outfit today was more put together. The way the fabric of the blouse hugged George's breasts so flatteringly, combined with the cinching of the waistband, granted him a very natural-looking, feminine figure. It was evident that George knew how to style and shape himself from what, Dream was beginning to realise, were many years of experimenting.

"George, I'm sure you're already aware of this, but you look beautiful today." Dream called out.

George began to slowly, sensually approach Dream, swaying his hips and torso in a way that was almost cat-like. Dream wrapped an arm around his waist and George leaned in close to Dream's ear.

"All for you, baby."

"All for me? Got yourself all pretty like this just for me?" Dream lowered his tone to an erotic rumbling sound, seeing the way it made George blush. "Why don't you give me a twirl, pretty boy."

Dream suddenly whipped away his arm, sending George spinning. He quickly lost balance in his heels at the unexpected motion, falling onto Dream's chest as Dream caught and held him.

He looked down at the man in his arms, his heart swelling with love. George was panting from the surprise, looking up at Dream with his big, brown eyes, his lips trembling faintly. Dream leaned his head down and tenderly kissed George.

When their lips separated, George steadied himself, standing up properly and smiling an incredibly loving smile, before promptly going in for round two.

## Chapter End Notes

So I have the next 5 chapters already written and I'm debating uploading 1 every day now or maybe uploading twice every 2 days.

Or I could just keep going with 1 every 2 days so it doesn't become overwhelming to read.

Idk. Any thoughts?

# The world turns

## Chapter Summary

Dream and George chat about things I guess

## Chapter Notes

Angst? Maybe? Maybe a little angst? Maybe some ~social commentary~ maybe?

This whole fic is self indulgent

I'm sure you've already worked that out

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was glad to be done with his heat for the day, though his joy was bittered slightly by the knowledge that it would return the following morning.

He didn't want Dream to think that the only reason he'd been invited to stay was to keep George company during his heat. If George had *remembered* about the side effects of coming off his stupid beta hormones, he never would've let Dream stay over and risked jeopardising their relationship.

But of course, if anyone was going to be understanding and caring, it would be Dream.

He had seen George at his most vulnerable and helped him in exactly the way that George had requested. Naturally, when George awoke without Dream, he had panicked for a minute, thinking that something had gone horribly wrong. But as soon as George collected his thoughts and checked his phone, he was reminded of just what a thoughtful, if a little ditzy, sweetie Dream was.

The messages Dream had sent read:

*'Good morning cutie*

*I'm heading back to my apartment quickly to pack some clothes and essentials*

*Do you want anything while I'm gone?*

*Wait*

*You're still sleeping...*

*Uh forget I said that*

*Be back in a sec*

Bye :)'

George had chuckled as he read them, smiling uncontrollably. He wanted to show Dream his gratitude, to treat him to something that George knew he'd enjoy.

And quite evidently, Dream *was* enjoying it.

The extra effort George had gone to, making himself look especially pretty for Dream today, was all worth it when they were passionately making out in the kitchen. Then in the living room, Dream with his hands all up George's skirt, caressing his ass, kissing the space between his breasts. Then in the office, when George had tried to get some coding done and Dream followed him in, gently kissing his neck and head as George sat in his office chair.

Through it all, Dream was gentle, always making sure that George was comfortable, checking that he wasn't burdening him. As if Dream could ever be a burden.

They spent the rest of the day side by side, adorning each other in affectionate touches, Dream constantly commenting on how pretty George was, how ravishing. The praise was sickeningly sweet, totally abundant-- a well that never ran dry.

Later on in the day, Dream was in his head, fantasising about something or other when George had become aware that his blissfully content scent had grown troubled. He didn't seem agitated necessarily, it was more a mix of hope and dejection. It puzzled George; it tugged at his heart to see Dream so forlorn.

After a few minutes, Dream blinked himself out of his daydream and started to straighten up on the couch that the couple had been lying on, cuddled together. Dream shook his head a few times, appearing to be trying to dispel his thoughts. In all honesty, George found it a little funny how easy Dream was to read. He debated for a second whether he should ask, wondering if he might be able to provide some solace.

"Dream, honey. What were you thinking about that got you so worked up just then? You wanna talk about it?" George asked gently, joining Dream in sitting upright and looking him in the eye, sincerely.

"It was stupid, really. I shouldn't- it was really dumb."

"I'd never judge you, Dream." George then gestured to his outfit, adding, "I really don't think I have the right to be judging anyone dressed like *this*." George chuckled lightly at his comment.

Dream did not.

"There's nothing wrong with your outfit, George. That's the thing, you look *so* beautiful." Dream stopped clenching his jaw and sighed deeply. "I was just imagining taking you out on a date, to a fancy restaurant or a cute cafe or to a garden where I could tell you that you looked more beautiful than every flower there."

George blushed. "I can go outside, Dream. We can do all those things together." He reached for Dream's hand but Dream ignored it.

"But I can't take you. Not the real you, can I?" Dream frowned, his scent turning aggressive. "This you: omega you. Obviously we couldn't risk someone recognising you. I mean you'd lose your job for starters, that's a no-brainer. Maybe your house too, I'm pretty sure omegas still can't own

property. And- and then before you know it, they've taken you away and they force you to... to..."

Dream was crying now.

George wanted to comfort Dream, to tell him that he was blowing things out of proportion. 'Of course George could go out as an omega, of course George could wear his pretty skirts and dresses and not get hurt.' But, by now, George was well aware of the threat.

There were few protections out there for omegas, and even fewer for the males. And for a crossdressing, male omega, there was only danger. George had played through the scenario hundreds of times in his head. *"Maybe if you weren't dressed like that, if you hadn't smelt like that, this wouldn't have happened."*

It was George's biggest fear.

But, it was a fear that George had lived with his entire life. He decided to tell Dream now what he used to tell himself at night, crying into his pillow.

"Things are bad now. But they won't always be." George touched Dream's cheek as he continued to breathe heavily. "You're already proof enough that alphas can be humane and decent. I've lived as a beta for a long time and I know for a fact that there are other omegas out there on beta hormones, some even on alpha hormones. *We're* proof that omegas can be cunning and intelligent, even just as aggressive and controlling as anybody else."

George sighed deeply, reciting his mantra. "We have to believe that the world will change, because it is more logical than the alternative."

Dream raised an eyebrow. "You make that up, George?"

George nodded, earning himself a tender kiss on the cheek.

"More logical than the alternative," Dream repeated, half to himself.

"Just like... the world turns and we turn with it." George blushed. "I don't know, it's just something that's always comforted me."

"No, I like it. It makes sense. One day I'm gonna take you out on the best date of your life, George, that's a promise." Dream smiled warmly before standing up. "Right, I am starving. And I think it's probably my turn in the kitchen, right?"

George's eyes went wide at this. "You're going to cook?"

Dream scoffed. "Weren't you just saying that our second genders don't define us? And now you're in a state of shock because an alpha just offered to cook."

"It's not because you're an alpha, it's because you're a dickhead, and a terrible chef. I've tasted your cooking before, remember? When you brought in those muffins for my birthday?"

Dream strategically held his mouth closed for a moment, then started laughing again. "Okay, okay, you got me there. But I wasn't planning on making us muffins for dinner."

"Oh?" George raised an eyebrow, smirking his cheekiest smirk.

"Get ready for some traditional Floridian cuisine, Georgie."

This time, Dream took George by the hand and it was George who found himself being lead by his lover into the kitchen, heels tapping to keep up with him as his pace was practically at a sprint, collar bell ringing the entire way.

The mac and cheese ended up being delicious, much to George's surprise. Dream had found a way to season it and add a crunchy, cheesy breadcrumb layer on top. The couple sat at the table, joking and laughing and enjoying just being present with each other.

An offhand comment made by Dream about how, 'even though he loved maid George, he enjoyed serving him too' reminded George of a certain number he had tucked right at the back of his closet. That night, as the pair headed off for bed, George had already begun formulating a delicious plan for how he would deal with his heat tomorrow.

He couldn't wait.

## Chapter End Notes

Believe it or not, I did google Floridian dishes. And I arrived at mac and cheese...  
sorry

Thanks sm for commenting about the upload schedule!

Seems like the popular opinion is once daily but with wiggle room for self care,  
I like that!

So probably be updating every day and occasionally missing a day. I still have quite a  
lot of story I wanna tell so expect quite a few more chapters, each < 1500 words.

Thanks again, hope you like! Love seeing the comments!!



# Maids and their sensitivities

## Chapter Summary

George is a maid, Dream's pretty happy about it I'd say

## Chapter Notes

Here it finally is, for your consideration: the maid gogy chapter.

Entirely self indulgent, as always :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream awoke, fully anticipating that he would be greeted by the sweet sight of his omega in heat again, but was surprised as George was nowhere to be seen. He wasn't in the bed, nor in the bathroom. Was he okay? Had something happened during the night? Dream tried to push down twinges of disappointment and fear as he began attempting to locate George's scent.

That was when he suddenly became aware of the smell of bacon wafting through the house, accompanied by several other delightful, edible aromas. Naturally a little confused, Dream began making his way to the kitchen and that was when he saw *him*.

George was standing with his back turned, cooking up something that smelled delicious.

Wearing a puffy,

black,

dangerously short,

*painfully* seductive,

maid dress.

Holy. Shit.

Dream had only seen the back so far but he was losing his mind. The skirt part of the dress had layers upon layers of fabric rippled underneath, making it puff out and bounce and rendering it incapable of even *slightly* covering George's bright red panties. A giant, white bow positioned on the waistband further drew attention to George's beautiful ass. He also had on white thigh highs which were being held in place by tight, white garters, dipping into his tender flesh. On his feet were a pair of black, platform heels with straps going up his legs in a criss-cross design.

George had an Abba song playing and he was shaking his hips and ass in time with the beat without a care in the world, the skirt flicking up and down, hypnotically. He didn't seem to notice Dream's entrance, too busy dancing his little dance to the upbeat tunes.

"Good morning, George." Dream eventually called out, his mouth newly void of all moisture.

The volume of the music was slowly lowered so that it was still audible, but just barely. George then suddenly whipped around so that he was facing Dream, and nothing on the planet could've prepared him for the sight.

George's face was fully made up, complete with sleek, black cat eyes and long lashes, heavy rouge flushing his cheeks and nose, and plump, luscious, red lips. But that wasn't the best part.

The best part wasn't the beautiful, new, black, leather collar that George was wearing around his neck either. Nor was it his bright red painted nails, with fingers adorned in sparkling rings.

No.

The part that made Dream's head spin, made him see stars, were the huge, perfectly round breasts that George was wearing today. They had to have been at least two cup sizes bigger than Dream had gotten used to, and even those cute B cups had always been extremely noticeable with George's petite frame. But these D cups were something else entirely. Dream unconsciously licked his lips, suddenly consumed by the idea of fondling those breasts, groping the soft, squishy protrusions through the fabric of the dress as George squirmed and moaned beneath his tender touches.

Plus the maid dress had an inbuilt corset which Dream now realised had been tightened considerably. George's waist was extremely slim which, coupled with the large breasts and puffy skirt, gave George the perfect, completely unrealistic, hourglass figure.

As George spun to face Dream, the skirt had flicked up and completely flashed the front of his panties to Dream. His breasts had also been affected by the sudden momentum, bouncing as he turned and bouncing a couple more times afterwards.

George leaned forward slowly, wrapping his hands behind his back.

"Good morning master, are you hungry?"

Dream couldn't stop the low, slow moan that escaped his mouth. He'd never been so turned on in his life, never. How was George so perfectly able to identify what Dream fantasised about and deliver it to him, cute and curvy, and wrapped in a large, white bow.

George smiled furiously, turning a brand new shade of cherry red, clearly happy with his master's response.

"Very good, sir. I'll be right with you. Please sit," George said before once again turning his attention to the plate that he was preparing of bacon, toast, tomatoes and baked beans. Dream must have told him at some point that those were his favourite parts of the traditional English breakfast. He was beginning to literally drool, only in parts due to the food being served.

Not even a minute later, George had finished preparing the meal, delivering it to Dream and then standing as he waited to be addressed, his arms folding behind him again, subtly pushing out his giant chest even further.

"Oh, master-" George smirked, noticing the trail of saliva that was still escaping from the stunned Dream's mouth. He turned to grab a napkin, once again showing off his shapely ass. Dream could not escape George's presence, not that he ever, *ever* wanted to be without his new maid again.

George returned, bending over to wipe the drool from Dream's mouth, his breasts getting dangerously close to the plate of food.

Dream leaned in to kiss George while his face was so near, but George was quick to shimmy away, requesting that his master finish his food before he began playing.

As Dream slowly started eating, George smiled and turned back to the mess he'd made on the counters and around the stove. He wiggled his fingers into a pair of yellow rubber gloves and retrieved a soapy sponge from the sink, bending over as he scrubbed at the surfaces.

After a few minutes, George must have sensed Dream's frozen body and penetrating gaze as, without looking, he called out, "the faster you eat, the sooner you get to play with me." This snapped Dream out of his trance, and he began hastily devouring his plate. Admittedly, Dream had woken up hungry and, even though the meal was simple, it tasted divine.

Once he was finished, Dream loudly placed his cutlery on the plate as an indication that he was done eating. George removed his gloves and raised an eyebrow as he walked over, commenting "my, my, the master was certainly hungry today."

Dream expected George to carry the plate over to the sink, but instead almost went into cardiac arrest as George straddled him where he sat, beginning to kiss at Dream's neck and slowly grind against his thigh. He leaned in more, pressing his large breasts against Dream's chest in a movement that sent Dream into a different headspace entirely.

"How bold you are, maid." Dream rumbled, newly desiring to take back control of the situation.

"What can I say, sir," George whispered into Dream's ear, "I suppose today I just feel... bigger. You like?"

At this, Dream pushed away the chair from underneath him, standing up with George at his hip, and carrying him over to the countertops where he gently placed him down. Dream started passionately making out with George, sliding one hand underneath where George was now perched, beginning to feel around and massage his ass.

George started squealing at the sensation, clearly feeling the effects of his heat beginning to set in.

"Oh touch me, master! Please! I made myself so big for you today!" he cried out.

George seized Dream's free hand and guided it to one of his breasts. Even though Dream knew it was fake, it felt so firm and, as he slowly began to grope it, whorish moans started escaping out of George's mouth. Dream moved up his other hand so that he was now fondling George's tits with both, George screaming the whole time with pleasure.

After a few minutes, George cried out, "stop, alpha! I can't take it anymore! I need you in me!"

Dream lifted him off the counter and immediately George got onto his knees and began pulling down Dream's grey sweatpants, not even stopping to admire the obvious bulge that was so crisply being outlined through the fabric.

Unsurprisingly, Dream was rock fucking hard, his dick leaking all over his boxers.

He saw George lick his lips before Dream's head was forced backwards by a wave of incredible sensation.

## Chapter End Notes

The song was 'voulez-vous,' I'm making that canon now.

# But is it enough?

## Chapter Summary

Smut. This one's just smut.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George had been so good this morning, managing to stay in character despite his only thought since waking being to get his alpha inside him as soon as possible.

He was slightly surprised he'd been able to cook without accidentally setting his kitchen on fire.

But it was worth the wait, god, it was *so* worth it. Teasing Dream, providing for him but making him finish his food before he received so much as a kiss from George. He could see the hunger in Dream's eyes, even as Dream played along. There was a limit though, George knew. Dream could only take so much temptation before he'd crack, but where that threshold lay, George was unsure.

And then, all at once, the threshold was met.

Without warning, Dream had scooped George up onto his hip, George's hard dick pressing against Dream's abdomen as he was carried over to the freshly cleaned counter. Even despite their passion, George was placed down so gently, he felt as though he had floated.

George managed to hold on slightly longer though, tears in his eyes, still trying to call Dream 'master' and roleplay as a maid, but eventually it became too much and simultaneously not enough.

Dream had been fondling George's fake tits and, even though they were nothing more than padding, the way they rubbed against George's sensitive nipples created excruciating pleasure. Plus the mere image of having his large, full breasts rigorously manhandled by Dream had sent him spiralling, it was just too arousing.

"Stop, alpha! I can't take it anymore! I need you in me!" George had cried out between hitched breaths and shrieks of delight.

Dream had been swift in lifting George off the counter, George instantly falling to his knees, trying to get as close to Dream's dick as possible. He savoured no moment as he furiously pulled down Dream's sweatpants and boxers; he'd waited too long already.

George took the alpha's full length in his mouth, right down to his knot, and started gagging and whimpering from glorious satisfaction. He'd never sucked a dick before but he was eager, so eager, to do well and to please his alpha. However, upon hearing Dream's moan suddenly turn into a growl from above, George immediately pulled himself off, with a sweet popping sound.

"Did- did I do something wrong, alpha?" George asked breathlessly, his voice trembling.

Dream was panting heavily, his eyes closed and face contorted into something incredible that George hadn't seen the first time, when he'd been facing the headboard. The alpha took a second to register George, suddenly opening his eyes again and looking down.

"What? No, of course not. Why'd you stop?"

"You growled at me, alpha." George pouted.

"I did?" Dream laughed a few times, turning bright red. "Fuck, I'm so sorry, George. It felt... so... so good..."

With that, George returned to his state of proudly beaming. This time, he went slower, running his tongue along the tip of Dream's dick, licking up the precum and moaning softly at the warm sensation. He took Dream in his mouth once again, this time only half way before pulling off. Dream was smiling, dazedly, perfectly content in being patient. Now, George once again took Dream's entire length, performing the same motions that had driven Dream so crazy moments ago.

As if on cue, Dream once again began his sensual rumbling. Knowing this to be a sign of pleasure, George began to speed up, travelling the length effortlessly.

"Have you- ah- done this before- ah!" Dream moaned from above, having to lean all his weight onto the counter behind for balance.

George made a "nng-nng" sound to say no.

"Ugh you take me- ah- so well- ah!" Dream continued babbling. "Ah Georgie, so pretty, so- so good for me."

The praise was electrifying. George didn't want to stop.

"I'm getting close, George- so close- I'm gonna-"

Dream just about managed to get out his warning before he came down George's throat. In the seconds that followed, George fell quiet, trying his best to relish the sensation, praying that it was enough.

"Georgie? Are you okay?" Dream looked down at George, who was sitting back with his ass on the floor, breathing heavily and flushed with colour.

"It's not enough." George uttered quietly after a small pause. "I'm sorry alpha, I need more." George's lips were trembling, his eyes half-lidded and watering from his shame. He'd made his alpha cum, that should have been enough. Why wasn't it enough?

Dream pulled up his boxers and pants and dropped down to George's level, placing a hand against his burning cheek.

"You need me inside you? Is that what you need?"

George nodded guiltily.

"Oh, my pretty omega." Dream met George's gaze as George began smiling at the honorific usage. "You've been so good today, so beautiful for me. Gimme a few moments and I'll help you, of course I'll help you. You don't have to cry, baby."

George sniffled once more before he allowed Dream to guide him up off the kitchen floor. Taking Dream's hand, George was led to the bedroom where Dream began undressing himself.

"Alpha? May I take this off?" George asked, gesturing at his dress.

"Of course, Georgie. If it makes you more comfortable, you can take everything off." Dream

walked around behind George, fondling his ass for a few seconds before he began helping to undo the corset.

As George's bra fell to the floor and he stepped out of his panties, he became aware that this was Dream's first time seeing him completely naked. A new wave of anxiety washed over him, suddenly worrying if Dream only liked him in feminine clothing, if he was only here for his femboy omega.

And as if he had read his mind, Dream seized the naked man from behind, placing his hands on his hips and gentle kisses on his neck. George turned to face Dream, biting his lip as he allowed Dream to silently inspect his body. Dream began smiling profusely, kissing every inch of George. He made his way along George's arms, his torso, his thighs, ending by planting a tender, wet kiss on his hard dick.

"Get in the bed, my beautiful omega," Dream finally commanded, his voice low and rumbling but still soft and playful. "Stretch yourself, I don't want you getting hurt."

Now that Dream had experience, he seemed content in taking the lead, which was good because George was in no place to call the shots, still feeling quite insecure and fragile.

Within moments, George was lying on his back with his legs spread, his entrance fully stretched and coated with slick, and Dream on top of him. Enough time had passed for Dream to fully recover, his dick now erect and eager to fill the omega below. George gripped Dream's defined back muscles as the alpha lined himself up with George's hole.

"Ready?" Dream softly uttered, this time in a position where the pair could face each other as they made love. George eagerly nodded and let out a choked sound, his heat rendering him practically nonverbal. Luckily, Dream accepted this and began slowly. He closely watched as George's eyes rolled back and his eyelashes fluttered at the sensation, still long and full from his makeup. Dream's motions were slow and impactful, hitting George's prostate with almost every thrust. The act today felt less desperate and more affectionate, the couple savoured every second.

George was enjoying watching Dream's face contort into the same pleased expression as from earlier; Dream's own satisfaction helped to bring George closer to his climax. He continued to cling onto the alpha, wrapping his legs around his body and feeling him flex his back muscles with every new thrust.

Shortly afterwards the pair came, their orgasms perfectly synchronised.

George let his body go limp as wave upon wave of pleasure hit, even after Dream had pulled out. The long build up made the release so much sweeter. Dream rolled over so that he was lying next to George, holding him softly as George shook and panted, softly kissing his forehead and cheeks.

"Hope you're feeling better now, baby. I can stay here if you want, until you're fully recovered." Dream whispered, tenderly.

George smiled and nodded as he nuzzled into Dream's chest, appreciating the simple gesture of being held.

And now I take my one day break, ciao!



# Always nice to freshen up after hot sex

## Chapter Summary

Shower time!

## Chapter Notes

You'll never guess who got inspired and wrote the next 6 chapters.

You might actually.

(It's me)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream laid with George for around half an hour before George began regaining cognisance.

"Dream, you stayed!" George happily exclaimed as his eyes blinked Dream into focus.

"Of course, George," Dream replied, smiling. "I was thinking of getting a shower now, if you wanted to join me..."

George eagerly nodded and began sitting upright, Dream cautioning him to move slowly, assuring him that there was no rush. Soon the pair were standing together in the ensuite, George gently placing a kiss on Dream's cheek before stepping into the shower.

Dream followed and let the water flow over George before attending to himself. He loved George's body so much, loved his slenderness, his leanness. He would have been content to watch George rub every inch of his soft flesh as hot water pinked his skin.

Once George had finished his initial rinse, Dream quickly splashed the showerhead over himself, trying to ensure that George wasn't left to shiver for a second longer than necessary.

George passed the body wash over to Dream as he began to scrub his own face, removing his makeup and clearing his pores. Dream took the opportunity to appreciate how pretty George was without makeup, smiling fondly before beginning to lather up his own body, leaving no area untouched. He started to get the feeling, however, that he was being watched as his soapy hands neared his crotch area.

"My eyes are up here, George," Dream playfully growled, watching George fluster and giggle.

Then it was George's turn to be cleaned. Initially, Dream had planned to just hand him back the soap and watch him rub his beautiful body... then he got a better idea.

Dream squirted the soap onto his hands and began gently running his palms over George's torso.

"Ah- Dream?" George gasped, as Dream began to rub up and down George's slender chest.

"Do you mind if I uh- wash you? I- I really just want to touch you right now." Dream uttered, a sudden shyness causing his heart to beat faster. Was it weird-- how much he wanted to just *feel* George? Wanted to run his hands over George's naked body? Getting used to seeing him in his pretty clothes, make-up and breasts was delightful, truly, but Dream couldn't help but gush over this, the omega's gentle frame.

George furrowed his brows in what Dream correctly identified as confusion. "You like me like this? You like my body? I mean without all the..." George cleared his throat. "You don't mind?"

"Oh George," Dream murmured, "you have no idea how perfect you are. Obviously I love your style, the way you dress. I love the way you walk and talk. But really, I just- I love your body." Dream's eyes widened suddenly. "I hope that doesn't sound creepy."

"Not at all. I'll confess I kinda had this nagging thought that you only liked me when I was..." George exhaled and started grinning. "Well it doesn't matter. You can touch me, Dream. In fact I'd *very* much like you to."

Dream smiled kindly and set to work tenderly massaging soap into George's warm, wet flesh. He took his time, savouring every touch, lingering on every muscle and pocket of fat. A soft chorus of sweet sighs and moans escaped George's mouth as he melted into the tender strokes.

Light stimulation, nothing overwhelming. George's heat had ended and Dream knew that overstimulation was a legitimate risk during this fragile, post-climax state. But as he worked his way around George's body, he found himself arriving in a sensitive area.

"George, I think maybe you should- I don't want to hurt you or anything." Dream said, hoping that George would understand what Dream meant and not take offense.

Luckily, George caught on. "Probably for the best," he said before playfully adding, "maybe another day." Dream looked away as George began to wash his genitals, not trying to risk arousal.

The couple finished up in the shower, rinsing off the foamy lather that covered their bodies. Dream stepped out and grabbed a folded towel from a nearby shelf, wrapping it around George before taking another for himself.

Now dry and feeling refreshed and invigorated, Dream retrieved from his suitcase a casual pair of pale grey sweatpants and a bright green t-shirt with a small, smiley face emblem embroidered into the bottom corner. He slid on the lime, chevron bracelet he'd packed, figuring that George wouldn't judge him for the accessory. He'd been dressing himself facing the wall in a semi-conscious attempt to avoid seeing George changing and then accidentally becoming transfixed, mesmerised.

This also meant that he'd avoided seeing what George had picked out to wear.

Dream turned around without thinking and, just like he anticipated he would, became immediately entranced by the beauty sitting on his bed, rolling a pair of translucent, white stockings up to his thighs. George noticed Dream staring and hastily finished putting on his thigh highs, standing up and giving Dream a good look at his chosen outfit.

George was wearing his standard underwear, a B cup stuffed bra accompanied with, no doubt, a pair of lacy panties. But what made Dream positively melt was the dress that George had on.

He was wearing a gorgeous, daffodil-yellow overall dress with a tight-fitting, white t-shirt underneath. It was cinched at the waist, but with comfortable looking, stretchy, elastic material. The skirt of the dress was flared, pretty and flowy, reaching just past the mid thigh. He was

glowing. George looked really, really pretty in a dress, Dream noted. It made his heart sting, remembering that he was the only one privy to this information.

"Wow," Dream gushed, "you look so beautiful."

George did a quick twirl, the dress rippling, showing the barest hint of uncovered thigh spilling over the stockings.

Dream couldn't tear away his gaze, so cute, so pretty. He couldn't stop himself from speaking either, foolishly letting slip, "I want to show you off so bad. I want to take you out to a quaint restaurant. I want everyone to see how pretty you are, how adorable you look by my side-"

Dream cupped his mouth. George's cheeks were flushed, his eyes brimming.

"Shit. Sorry, I didn't mean to say that."

George looked at the ground for a moment, in a deeply pensive state. "Do you think we could get away with it? Just as a one-off. If you think about it, this might be our only chance to," he started saying. Dream shot him a cautious glance but he didn't seem to notice, dangerously continuing. "We're together every second of every day, your alpha scent is all over me. And with you by my side... I'm sure I'd be left alone."

"George, this is crazy. If someone from work recognised you... I mean we couldn't, could we?"

"You'd protect me, I know you would. If anything went wrong, I'd have you. Honestly, this might be my one chance to go outside as myself, I suddenly don't want to risk wasting it." George walked over to Dream, placing his hands on the alpha's hips. "I want you to show me off, Dream. I want to hang off your arm as we walk side-by-side down a quiet street."

Dream cupped George's cheeks in his hands, staring down at the beautiful, fresh face he was growing to love so dearly.

"This week? Friday night, maybe?" Dream proposed.

George hummed for a second. "Thursday night, I think. Less busy and gives me a chance to start taking my beta hormones again on Friday so that they're working effectively by Monday morning."

"Thursday night. It's a date!" Dream exclaimed, pulling George in for a tender kiss.

## Chapter End Notes

So yeah, this is the direction I wanted the story to go in, I'm really happy with the next few chapters and I hope you will be to!



# Dreaded anticipation

## Chapter Summary

Date prep !

## Chapter Notes

Oh hey look! New tags have been added!

I wonder how they got there....

George was nervous, *really* nervous. This would be his first time going outside as an omega in years, his first time in a dress ever. But for every intrusive, anxious worry that snuck its way into his brain, there was a new wave of excitement and joy that he couldn't deny or ignore.

Dream would protect him. This wasn't just something George hoped or even believed, it was something he *knew*, categorically.

The pair spent copious amounts of time throughout the week brainstorming ideas for where to go and what to do for their date. It couldn't be anything in the city, too high a risk that someone from work would spot them. No, it would likely have to be a meal at a smaller establishment in George's town centre. Nobody from work lived anywhere near, certainly no-one George knew personally. That was largely why George had chosen to move there in the first place.

As the week progressed, George and Dream grew closer and closer. Each day, George would wake up and choose a new outfit, always putting in slightly above the average amount of effort. He couldn't help it, he wanted to look pretty for Dream.

And Dream never let him go without compliments. Every other word from Dream's mouth was praise, sweet unending admiration, and George never tired of hearing it.

George's heat had ended up only lasting those two mornings, allowing him to wake up in a rational mindset for each of the following days. That's not to say that he didn't occasionally wake up horny, it was understandable, sharing a bed with such an attractive alpha. And Dream was always more than happy to satisfy George's needs upon request.

It was Wednesday afternoon when George had been sitting in the kitchen, drinking jasmine tea and messaging with another omega he knew, when the topic of possible date locations came up. A restaurant was mentioned that was owned by another male omega and his husband and George was assured that it would be a safe and welcoming environment. Plus, their chicken was apparently award-winning.

George liked the sound of it-- a small establishment on the outskirts of town with good food and a friendly vibe, it sounded perfect!

He ran into the living room, where Dream had been watching a game of American football, the swift tapping of George's heels along the corridor alerting Dream of his enthusiastic approach. Dream immediately turned off the television and held out his arms for George to run into. For a split second, in Dream's warm, loving embrace, George forgot what he was doing and just nuzzled into his chest, sighing contentedly.

"Your scent's all excited, Georgie. Something happen?" Dream asked.

"Oh right." George retrieved his phone from the pocket of the light, flower-printed dress that he was wearing. As he did, he felt Dream reach under the dress to grasp at his thigh and begin lightly massaging it, eliciting a soft giggle. "Wait, Dream look, my friend showed me this place we can go tomorrow evening."

After having done some research of his own, George had plenty of reasons why he believed that this restaurant was *perfect* and began energetically listing them to Dream. The alpha's smile grew and grew the longer George spoke, eventually leaning in to kiss George just to shut him up. The couple made out for a few minutes before George finally remembered himself, placing his finger over Dream's lips, cheekily ending their kissing session.

"So is that a yes?" George asked, removing his finger so that Dream could reply and fluttering his long, mascara-coated eyelashes.

"It sounds perfect, baby. I can't wait." Dream exclaimed, before repositioning George on his lap and setting to work, groping his soft thigh and kissing him again.

Thursday afternoon rolled around quickly and, after staring at his closet for 20 minutes and concluding on three separate occasions that he simply had *nothing* to wear, George had finally decided on a dress. Hanging at the very edge of the rack, tucked away behind all his other apparel, was a form-fitting, blue, cocktail dress that flared into a gorgeous, flowing skirt at the bottom. He almost didn't see it, but once it caught his eye, he instantly knew that it was perfect.

George hadn't worn this dress since he'd bought it; the dress was too formal to wear around the house, he always told himself. But now, as he unhooked it from where it was hanging and ran his fingers along the satin material, he couldn't imagine wearing anything else.

The dress was royal blue and fitted at the top, ending in a loosely rippled skirt. It had slight cinching built in around the waist but was surprisingly stretchy, allowing George to breathe while he ate but also show off his body, which he knew Dream was so enamoured with. The skirt part of the dress stopped at the mid thigh-- not so short that too much was on display but not so long that George would feel frumpy. George also picked out a pair of his casual, white thigh highs.

He was already wearing black, lace panties and a matching B cup stuffed bra from his morning outfit, but as George eyed the dress, he felt like he just wanted to go slightly bigger.

The black bra and panties were replaced with a new, pale pink set, the bra stuffed to a C cup, which George felt quite comfortable in, and the panties lined with a thin pad intended to prevent any trace of his dick showing through the dress. He stood in his stockings and underwear in front of a mirror, half admiring his form and half trying to psych himself up.

Biting his lip and taking a second to steady his breathing, George pulled the blue dress over his head. It fit well and the fabric was soft and breathable, so that was good. George continued to inspect the way the dress fit, paying particularly close attention to the area around his breasts and crotch. Nothing was detectable, as far as he could tell, but there was a horrid feeling in George's chest that he looked like a freak, that everyone would instantly know.

"George, are you done? Can I come in now?" Dream called out from behind the door where he'd been instructed to wait. "I need to get ready too, baby."

George suddenly felt his heart beating more and more rapidly, it all suddenly felt very *real*. He was breathing heavily, his eyes beginning to fill with tears. Oh god. He *did* look like a freak, he just knew it. This was a mistake, this was all a big mistake. George sat on the bed, sniffing and wiping away tear after tear from his stinging eyes.

Dream sensed George's distress, entering and immediately releasing a soothing scent, as potent as he could muster.

"Oh George, what's wrong? Is this about the date?"

George continued sobbing, barely managing to nod before collapsing into a pile on the bed.

"I look like such a freak. I can't go outside, not like this. People are gonna know, they're gonna stare. They're gonna- they- I- I can't!" he cried.

Dream sat down beside him in silence, continuing to envelop George in his scent and letting him sob into his chest. Just wanting to give him time. And surely enough, George began to calm down until he was resting against Dream, his chest rising and falling, with Dream soothingly rubbing his arm.

"If you're really that uncomfortable, we don't have to go out. I'd never force you." Dream quietly uttered, his expression kind and understanding. "But George, trust me, you don't look bad at all! I wish you could see what I see right now. Do you want to know what I see, George?"

George pitifully nodded, still struggling to maintain eye contact with Dream.

"I see you: an *unbelievably* beautiful man, a work of art. Every day I wake up, lucky enough to be in your presence, and I'm so thankful. Every outfit you wear feels like it was crafted for you specifically, that you wear it better than anyone else ever could."

Dream kissed George's cheek and forehead, wrapping his arms around his small form and pulling him in for a tight embrace as he continued.

"I'd be so honoured to have the opportunity to be seen with you, even just by a small handful of people. I want so badly to show you off, baby, and to show the world what I have the privilege of seeing. The choice is yours, Georgie, but make no mistake-- you look stunning!"

George's rational mind had managed to reboot itself, thanks mostly to Dream's kind words and reassuring presence. He wiped his eyes and took one final deep breath before wiggling out of the tender embrace and walking into the bathroom.

He left the door open, splashed his face a few times with cold water and began searching for various cosmetic products. Dream's eyes followed him from where he was sitting, silently beholding George as he skillfully began applying his makeup.

With one final squirt of perfume, George was done. He spun around and, witnessing Dream's look of admiration and awe, blushed happily.

This was their night, and they were going to have a wonderful time.





# It's just us

## Chapter Summary

Our lovely little couple go on their first date aww,

What could possibly go wrong??

## Chapter Notes

Y'all,

I've had parts of this chapter drafted since literally night one and I'm so so excited we've reached this part of the story.

Angst! Drama!

Enjoy!!!

The pair had finished getting ready and set off to the restaurant, located around half an hour's walk away.

Dream couldn't stop staring at George, couldn't stop thinking about how *beautiful* he looked in that silky, deep blue dress. For a few careless moments, he couldn't stop staring at George's slightly-larger-than-normal chest either, which was picked up on almost immediately.

"C cups, I thought they looked better with this dress. Not too much, are they?"

Dream blinked hard, barely managing to croak out a very flustered "not at all, very nice" as moisture slowly returned to his mouth.

The streets were quiet at this time which, Dream had to admit, he was pretty grateful for. As much as he longed to be seen with his beautiful omega, he knew how nervous George was being in public as himself. Also the risk of a fight breaking out over the temptingly unclaimed omega was much lower when nobody was around to fight with.

The couple walked hand-in-hand until they finally reached the quaint establishment, smelling delicious aromas long before the actual building came into view.

There was no trouble once they entered, no attention was drawn at all. No-one even acknowledged their arrival. Except, of course, for their server who commented on what a stunning dress George was wearing and asking where he'd got it from.

"Oh, I bought it so long ago. I don't really remember," George quietly uttered, blushing profoundly.

The server didn't react when his voice came out deep and masculine. She just continued, completely unfazed, adding that the colour suited his skin's cool undertones very well indeed. Even if Dream didn't really know what that meant, he had to agree that George certainly did look good in blue.

This interaction seemed to calm George, ever so slightly, Dream noticing a faint smile sneak across the omega's face. It was still early and most of the booths were empty, to George's obvious relief. Dream heard him exhale as they were escorted to their table, as though releasing a breath that he'd been holding in for a while. Once seated, Dream held out his palm on the table for George to squeeze like a stress ball, and for such a dainty thing, the omega had a lot of strength in his grip.

"You're okay, George. You look beautiful, nobody's staring, it's just me and you." Dream gently assured him.

George wasn't very talkative in the beginning, his eyes perpetually darting around the room, trying to locate threats. The only match for George's anxiety was Dream's patience as he did everything in his power to make his date feel as comfortable and safe as possible. Despite how cool he seemed on the outside, internally Dream was completely ready for a collision-- ready to jump into action to defend George, should anyone so much as *look* at them wrong. Nothing would hurt George, not tonight, not ever. Not while Dream was around.

As the night progressed and the couple finished ordering, beginning to receive their starters, George's nervous glances seemed to decrease in frequency until he had forgotten his worries entirely. Dream wasn't so easily distracted but still found himself genuinely able to laugh and flirt by the time the main course was delivered. George's smile was so bright and beautiful, how could Dream *not* make the most of their wonderful date.

And George's source had proven correct: the chicken *was* incredible!

It was all going exceptionally well; Dream and George were both having a truly unbelievable meal. Time was beginning to fly by and, though the restaurant was getting busier, neither seemed bothered or even aware of it. It was just them, everyone else faded away.

It was just them.

Until, of course, out of the nowhere, Dream caught a familiar scent, much to his horror.

Suddenly the world came back into focus.

He started looking around the room, as subtly as he could so as to not worry George, but the scent was unmistakable. Across the restaurant, a man with raven black hair caught Dream's eye and smiled in his direction.

George was quick to catch on, following Dream's line of sight and locating the source of the disturbance.

"Shit. I think that's Sapnap. He's waving at me."

"W-Who's Sapnap?" George asked, his voice shaky and faltering as all the fear that he'd forgotten came rushing back.

"Beta. Transferred with me from the US branch. He works upstairs in communications. Fuck, I think he's coming over," Dream growled.

"Stop him, oh my god! Go over and keep him away, Dream, please." George's eyes were so wide with alarm, the easy vibes from earlier entirely dissipated.

Dream scrambled to his feet, bending over to kiss George's forehead quickly. "Okay, just keep eating, head down a little. I'll take care of this, please don't worry, baby."

He made his way over to Sapnap, meeting him halfway between the beta's table and his own.

"Uh hi, Sapnap," Dream said, trying his best to fake an easygoing smile.

"Dream, hey! What brings you here?" The beta smiled warmly at Dream, blissfully unaware of how on edge Dream was, how close he was to snapping.

"Uh... a date."

*'Idiot, why did you tell him that?'* Dream scolded himself internally.

"Ahh, the pretty omega over there? Your date?" Sapnap raised his eyebrows in a cheeky yet inoffensive way, not that his intentions made much of a difference to Dream.

"Uh yeah," Dream quickly tried to change the subject. "So, what are you doing here, I thought you lived in the city."

"Yeah, but the chicken here is amazing! I came here on a date myself a few weeks back, now it's all I think about, man."

Dream chuckled, lightening up as he began to realise that there was no threat here, just a man who loved good chicken.

"Right well I wouldn't wanna keep you from your date any longer." Sapnap smiled, looking over in George's direction one last time. "Hope your omega's enjoying the food."

"Oh yeah, he's a big fan of the chicken too-"

He.

*He.*

Shit.

"He?" Sapnap immediately clocked. "You mean to tell me that beautiful thing over there is a dude? How did you ever find him... he a whore or something?"

"Oh god, no!" Dream exclaimed, a dangerous, furious fire newly rekindled and burning behind his emerald eyes.

"Haha sorry, man," Sapnap held up his hands in apology, "just that, I know you don't do much in your free time, not sure where you'd be able to meet a male omega like that. Unless..." Sapnap paused, before a wicked grin appeared on his face. "Wait... is he a colleague from work? Oh I'm right, aren't I? You met him at work! Oh that is delicious, Dream. I'm so happy for you."

Dream made his voice deep and authoritative, now in an entirely primal state. In that moment, he was an alpha defending his omega from a perceived threat. Nothing more, nothing less. He was defending what was his, what was *protected*.

"Don't you *ever* mention this to *anyone*." Dream growled, low enough that he didn't draw a crowd but menacing enough that Sapnap got the message. "I mean it, Sapnap. You won't endanger him. That omega is protected."

Sapnap bowed his head in submission, respectfully whimpering. "Of course. I really didn't mean anything by it. I won't tell anyone, you have my word, Dream."

Dream's eyes were still narrowed, his position offensive, still ready to pounce. "I think you'd better go back to your table now, Sapnap," he said firmly, threateningly. It wasn't a challenge; he was an alpha, there was no challenge.

Sapnap gave Dream a genuine apologetic look before bowing again and turning around, still smiling an amused, little smile.

"Fuck." Dream muttered under his breath, before turning back to his table.

# Pavement breakdown

## Chapter Summary

Yikes so the date's going a little pear-shaped, eh

## Chapter Notes

Final date chapter :)

(I hope it goes well)

Dream had been talking to the beta for a while now, George noted. He then witnessed Dream's stance grow aggressive and the beta's turn submissive.

What was going on over there?

He tried to ignore it, to trust that Dream was handling it. He tried to just eat his chicken and not draw attention to himself.

A few moments later, Dream returned to the table, obviously ruffled by something. George was about to ask but sensed that whatever had happened, Dream was still recovering from it.

George held out his own palm on the table this time, Dream finally unclenching his jaw and taking it, gripping it.

They sat in silence for a bit, the air around the table growing stormy. George wasn't getting worried, he wasn't. He trusted Dream, trusted that he'd handled the situation. Sapnap certainly seemed to have backed off-- that was a good sign, right?

Regardless, Dream's piercing eyes continued to intermittently flick back to the beta's table, his expression uncharacteristically stiff. He was growling softly but George didn't think he'd even noticed, and knew better than to disturb the alpha in this state. George had never seen Dream like this before, and had never *wanted* to. He obviously knew that, as an alpha, Dream had this ability to be intimidating and protective. In a strange way though, Dream was so unrecognisable, so terrifying, and it shook parts of George to his core. If he didn't already know Dream so well, he would've been tempted to run far, far away.

George was just glad he wasn't Sapnap right now.

After a while, he realised he couldn't take it. Dream wasn't saying anything, so it was up to George to take the initiative.

"So Dream, what--"

He was sharply cut off. "Not until we're home."

George whimpered a little. Ordinarily, Dream's organic, carefree usage of 'home' would've made his heart skip, noticing how accustomed the pair had grown to living together. The thought of going back to normal after this week seemed impossible now. It *was* impossible.

Every corner of George's mind provided a new insecurity, a new thing to stress about. He was going stir crazy in his own head. Why couldn't Dream sense his anxiety? Why wasn't he helping?

Hastily, the couple finished their meals, Dream leaving a fat tip for their kind server, despite George gently reminding him that tipping wasn't really a thing in the UK. Still, the server seemed delightfully surprised, smiling warmly and waving the pair goodnight as they began heading home.

George thought that, maybe now they were alone, Dream would start speaking again, but no such luck. He finally decided to just put his foot down.

"Dream, what happened in there? What did Sapnap say to you? Why- why won't you *talk* to me?" George shouted, realising that he was close to tears.

The cold, menacing barriers Dream had put up suddenly began to melt away when faced with his George in distress. George continued pouting, refusing to move until he got something resembling an answer. It was a gesture he was sure broke Dream's heart.

Dream exhaled shakily, his eyes purposely avoiding George's pleading gaze.

"I'm so sorry George. I- I think I fucked up." Dream said, pitifully.

George took one of Dream's hands in his own and stroked the side of his face with the other. "Whatever it is, I need to know."

"I don't want to worry you, George."

"I'm worrying now!" George cried, his expression a painful combination of frustrated and terrified.

"Sapnap, he- I-" Dream began, crumbling under George's touch and turning away. "I accidentally let slip that you were a guy and, from that, Sapnap managed to deduce that we work together."

Dream closed his eyes, exhaling sharply before adding, "I'm sorry."

George immediately felt his mind go to the darkest places it could find. Someone from work knew that he was an omega.

*Someone from work knew that George was an omega.*

This was the end. The penny had finally dropped. The years of hiding, the years of taking those awful hormones, of dressing 'normal', of keeping his head down. It was all about to be undone, George was sure of it. He started hyperventilating, feeling his knees buckle beneath him.

Dream was just barely able to catch George before he collapsed onto the pavement. George couldn't stop himself from hysterically sobbing into the alpha's shoulders.

A small part of George-- perhaps a more rational part, or perhaps a more optimistic part-- was telling him that he was jumping to conclusions, that nothing had happened yet, that the beta had left the confrontation with his tail between his legs. But George couldn't help it, he was just so *scared*.

Dream held George as he wept, releasing his soothing scent despite the fact that they were outside and it wouldn't be effective. He kept repeating "I'm so sorry" to George which only made him feel worse. Dream obviously wasn't to blame; Sapnap could've easily worked out that George was male from his voice if he'd managed to get close enough. George didn't want Dream's apologies, he wasn't sure *what* he wanted from Dream actually. Protection, probably. Reassurance.

For now though he just wanted to be held.

A passerby happened to be walking down the street at this time and began approaching George to see if he was okay. Dream had turned and let out the most ferocious, most terrifying growl that George had ever heard, causing the stranger to scatter in fear.

It was certainly a shock. Dream even seemed surprised by what he'd just done, his eyes wide and breathing heavy.

George started to feel a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. A smile that turned into an open-mouthed grin, which then devolved into a spontaneous fit of laughter.

Really going through the motions.

He continued to laugh at Dream's stunned expression, cackling even harder when he heard someone shout from inside a nearby house, "oi you out there, shut the fuck up!"

Now Dream was laughing too, the pair giggling like a couple of naughty teenagers.

Eventually they calmed down, reaching a more manageable, in-between state that would suffice for the remainder of the walk home. It was entirely possible that they were only a few days away from disaster, or a few days away from nothing at all. Regardless, they still had an additional 20 minutes of streets to walk down.

On a seemingly more unrelated note, George was quite accustomed to wearing heels, or so he believed, as he tended to wear them around the house all day. Truly, he loved them, loved the way they changed his walk, made his ass shapely, and so on. Then again, he wasn't typically on his feet for long periods, all of which explained why he was beginning to find himself in so much pain. The concrete of the pavement wasn't helping either, small bits of rock underfoot making for a bumpy, uncomfortable stroll. Eventually George had just taken the damn torture devices off, walking barefoot and very much ruining his nice, white stockings.

After a while, he found that sharp little stones kept getting embedded in his soles. He'd barely had a chance to whine before Dream had picked him up, bridal style, and carried him the rest of the way. George snuggled into Dream's tender hold, once again in awe of his strong alpha.

Home at last, George was gently placed down on his doorstep, much to his disappointment. He had wanted to just be held like that for the rest of his days. In Dream's arms, the world wasn't ending.

In Dream's arms, it was just them again.

Once they got inside, Dream offered to reach out to Sapnap but George stopped him, saying that the last thing he needed was written confirmation of what had unfolded, potential screenshots that could be used against him later. Dream nodded in understanding, gently assuring George that Sapnap, though reckless, was not malicious in his intent, generally speaking.

George just wanted to forget it now, what was done was done. This was to be his last night before he went back on his hormones and he wanted to savour it. He wanted Dream to carry him into the bedroom and place him on their bed. He wanted to hear his smooth voice, to taste every honey-

infused word that left Dream's mouth as he was adored and praised with that sickly sweet tongue.

Finally, after a stressful night, he just wanted to get fucking railed.

And who could blame him?



# For your protection

## Chapter Summary

Back in the office lol

## Chapter Notes

Deadass the dialogue in this chapter has been drafted since the first day too

(I love writing angsty dialogue)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They ended up going at it for almost an hour, Dream pounding and pounding as George moaned in ecstasy and begged for more. The act was rough but provided the pair with well needed stress relief, a taste of a now unattainable, mindless catharsis. They both knew that this was to be their last time making love like this, for quite a while at least.

Dream was quite unceremoniously kicked out the following afternoon.

The couple had spent the morning in bed, savouring their last moments together, before around midday, George disappeared into the kitchen briefly and re-emerged with a glass of water and some pills.

"They're gonna start to take effect in about half an hour. I don't-" George cleared his throat, "I'd rather you not be here when my scent changes."

Dream had never asked what it felt like to go back on the hormones but gathered that it was quite an unpleasant experience. He'd tried to convince George to let him stay for comfort but it was no use.

They lingered by the front door for a moment, Dream wearing a casual pair of jeans and a black hoodie, George in a very oversized combo of a t-shirt and sweatpants. It almost felt bizarre, seeing him back in less feminine clothes. But this was the way Dream would be experiencing George from now on, he'd have to just get used to it again.

With one final goodbye kiss, Dream was out the door and on his way home.

The next few days were quiet, lonely. Dream had heard nothing at all from George for the remainder of the Friday and it was only Saturday evening when he received an invitation to play some minecraft on their server. George didn't want to voice call, saying his throat hurt. Unconvinced as to whether this was the truth or just an excuse to avoid a tough conversation, Dream decided to let him get away with it, just this once.

Sunday was quiet as well, only a short exchange of dry messages taking place between the two. Dream was aware that he was being just as distant and shut off as George but that didn't stop him.

It hurt less when he didn't think about how much he already missed George-- how much he missed his scent, his face, his body, his sweet little outfits, his bright laugh, god,

*him.*

Going back to work would be tough, Dream figured, but he hadn't anticipated just *how* tough it would be.

When he showed up on Monday, George was already there, sitting at his desk.

Oh.

He was wearing an ordinary white shirt, buttoned up, with a blue tie and some black trousers. He looked so... normal, so unassuming. Dream knew that he'd begun staring but he really couldn't stop himself.

George hadn't even *noticed* his arrival, furiously tapping away on his keyboard, already hard at work. How was he so at ease?

As Dream walked past, he took a deep yet subtle inhale through his nose, desperately aching to smell his omega. But he couldn't. The beta hormones were working perfectly. Which was great, of course.

Of course.

Well, he was still here, which meant that Sapnap had kept his mouth shut so far. Deep down, Dream knew he would. Dream should have been relieved, delighted, to still be working alongside his best friend, but he just felt worse and worse as every painful minute ticked by. Why hadn't George acknowledged him yet?

A full hour had passed before George finally walked over to Dream's desk.

"Hey Dream, could you check this code for me? I'm a little stuck and I think I need a fresh pair of eyes."

Really? That was it?

Dream rose from his chair, towering over George.

"How are you doing that?" he uttered, lowly, "how are you so... you're so..."

Without warning, Dream placed his hands on George's flat chest, heavily breathing as he tried to control his anger.

"What are you doing?" George whispered, trying not to draw attention to the pair.

"I hate this. I hate seeing you like this. You shouldn't- this isn't right! God, you shouldn't have to hide!" Dream's hushed voice was slowly rising and George shot him a look indicating that, if they were to finally do this, they couldn't continue their conversation out in the open.

George began heading for the server room, aware that it would be empty, with Dream following a short distance behind. Once in, George shut the door and seemed to drop the act slightly, pursing his lips and turning in one of his knees in a stance that made his hip pop.

"Dream," George began, tilting his head to the side. Despite his feminine movements, his tone was harsh and direct. "I know we never properly discussed this, but I need you to understand some

things."

Dream's expression was pained but he nodded his head, informing George that he was listening.

"This past week was... a fantasy, a special treat-- without a doubt the best week of my life, in fact." George sighed, averting Dream's pitiful gaze. "But you have to accept that it was just that: a fantasy. This right now, my smell, my clothes, this is the most me I can be. I know you've gotten used to something else but you have to forget it. It wasn't real. This is real."

"This isn't right," Dream exclaimed, raising a hand to touch George's soft cheek. "You're so special George, so vibrant and full of life. I can't bear to see you like this, I feel like I'm looking at a shell of the real you. I-I don't know how I can go on watching you pretend."

"You don't have a say in the matter." George was much more assertive on his beta hormones. He was unaffected by Dream's whimpering, seeming to tune it out entirely. "I'm-I'm sorry you got to see me like that. I didn't realise it would *hurt* you so much. But don't think for one second that I'd risk this life to indulge in that *fantasy*."

They stood in silence for a moment, both parties breathing heavily as adrenaline flooded their systems.

George finally spoke but by the time he'd finished, Dream really wished he'd just kept quiet.

"Perhaps it would have been easier if you'd never found out. We could've stayed just friends, nothing would have changed."

"Stayed just friends?" Dream echoed. "Is- is that really what you would have wanted?"

George swallowed hard. "I don't know... things aren't simple. You've fallen in love with a version of me you can never see. I understand now that it was cruel for me to do that to you. I'm sorry, Dream."

'*Fallen in love...*' the words bounced around Dream's head, leaving devastation in every corner of their unstoppable permeation.

The direction the conversation was headed in scared Dream. He didn't want to lose George, he wasn't sure how to convince him that he had loved him for months now without realising, that it wasn't just omega George, it was *George* George.

"George, please-" was all Dream could manage.

"You're the alpha, you make the call." George said, coldly. "Can you pretend things are the way they were, or do we have to end this for real?"

"*I can't lose you.*" Dream's words were small, barely audible, he'd shrunk to nothing. His voice shook and his eyes were stinging. He understood why George was being so forbidding, realising that, however hard this was for Dream, it was infinitely harder for George.

"So..." George prompted, beginning to lose his own composure as his lips trembled and his eyes pressed shut.

"So we pretend. I'll pretend for you, I'll try." Dream said, as George's eyes opened again, bright and sparkling and brimming with tears.

George stretched onto his tiptoes to kiss Dream, and Dream leaned down, gripping his waist to

support him. Now that George wasn't wearing heels, the height difference was much more dramatic. George then shrank down and buried his face in Dream's chest, hugging him tightly. Dream heard the awful sounds of sobbing and sniffing emanating from George's hidden face, but elected to just hold him even tighter, until he was ready to rebuild his wall.

"You're my world, George." Dream mumbled into his soft hair. "And that's why I'll pretend you're not. I'll do anything to protect you, anything."

"Thank you, Dream. Thank you."

## Chapter End Notes

oh you thought you were getting a smut chapter?

George getting his ass pounded for 1k words?

Nah dude, angst!

Boom, pranked

## A beta's excitement

### Chapter Summary

Sap? Nap?

Uh maybe...

### Chapter Notes

Oh god oh fuck what's Sapnap done this time??!?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George finally let out what had been building all weekend.

Going back on the beta hormones was awful. It wasn't painful exactly, but George felt like he was *losing* himself. Everything he felt was muted, the world became slightly more grey. George didn't really want to wear a skirt anymore, he just lounged about in his oversized shirt and sweatpants, wallowing in self pity.

He couldn't talk to Dream, couldn't face him right now. But god, how the ache for him lingered.

That was another thing that hurt George in an unexpected way. Now that he was back on beta hormones, he almost didn't *want* to have an alpha anymore. It was so frustrating, George could remember how wonderful Dream was but suddenly almost felt unaffected, unattached to a dominant figure, in the same way that betas were.

It wasn't pleasant or liberating.

It was heartbreaking.

When Monday had rolled around, George found it all too easy to ignore Dream, to tune him out completely. Plus, George had been half expecting someone to approach him, expose him and fire him for being an omega; perhaps that would have been easier than working next to Dream again. He could feel Dream's sorrowful gaze following his every movement but he was just numb to it. He couldn't describe it.

It was only when he was alone in the server room, drowning in Dream's scent, that his affection came flooding back, overwhelming him, like a dam breaking.

And for a while he just sobbed.

Dream had been seriously struggling with readjusting as well, but the alpha was far less accustomed to hiding his true feelings. Still, he promised to *try* and that was all George could ask of him.

They eventually went back to their desks, to more or less ignoring each other, keeping their heads

down and working. Finally, lunch rolled around and Dream approached George, in as subtle and platonic a way as possible, to invite him out to eat at their regular cafe. Even before everything changed, they always ate lunch together, so that wouldn't raise suspicion among nosy co-workers.

The couple had stood up, just about to leave when they were interrupted.

"Dream! Dream!" a voice called out from across the room

'Oh god, here it comes,' George thought to himself, frozen on the spot, bracing for impact.

Sapnap suddenly rushed over to where Dream and George were standing, positively vibrating from perverse excitement. He addressed only Dream, completely blanking out George, to the omega's considerable relief.

"Sorry, sorry, I know, and I come in peace. Don't bite my head off, man." Sapnap began, blissfully unfazed by how aggressive Dream's stance had grown from his presence. "Your omega is protected, blah blah blah, I get it. But I *gotta* meet him. Please, please let me meet him, Dream. I've never met a male omega before. Is he around here? How did he even get a job at this place anyway, I thought omegas weren't allowed to work in offices-"

"Holy shit, will you keep your fucking voice down, Sapnap!" Dream exclaimed, his voice ironically louder than the beta's. Dream looked around quickly, seeming to remember himself as he lowered his volume before continuing. "He's *not* allowed to work here, that's why it's a secret, that's why I nearly fucking killed you at the restaurant."

Sapnap continued, unperturbed. "Oh, oh I've heard of this-- omegas that take beta hormones. I guess I always just figured they'd be easy to detect, stick out like sore thumbs, y'know."

Sapnap lightly punched George's shoulder, in what was intended to be a 'beta-to-beta,' relatable gesture. Suddenly he became aware that George had been standing with them for the entire duration of the conversation, silently listening. He did a double take, slowly and very obviously looking George up and down, cogs whirring away in his head.

"Wait it- oh my god, it's you!" Sapnap realised, his mouth agape in awe.

"Okay, that's it." Dream grabbed Sapnap by the wrist, dragging him back to the server room, George following swiftly and closing the door behind them.

"Right, okay, sorry, I just got a little excited, I don't think y'all can really blame me for that." Sapnap began again, staring intently at George. He took a deep inhale through his nose, trying to sniff anything unusual about him.

"Could you not do that, please," George finally spoke, a light chuckle escaping.

Sapnap blinked, taken aback slightly. "I- yeah sorry, man. I just- your scent is so normal."

"Well yeah, that's the point," George snarkily retorted. Sapnap looked impressed.

They had good chemistry, all things considered. George wasn't backing down from Sapnap and Sapnap seemed to very much be enjoying it.

"So what happened to your pretty dress and makeup, male omega?"

"Not allowed in the office dress code," George quickly responded, shrugging nonchalantly and smirking.

Sapnap hummed in amusement, addressing Dream. "Okay I like him. Your boyfriend is *way* more fun than you are these days."

George and Dream performed various awkward motions, clearing their throats and looking at the ceiling.

"We're not, uh- he's not my boyfriend," Dream finally managed to say.

"G-Girlfriend then?" Sapnap raised an eyebrow.

Dream shot Sapnap a glaring, disapproving look.

"Oh no wait, you meant like... y'all are a low-key couple. Hush hush type beat. Got it," Sapnap exclaimed, wiggling his brows and winking at George, who responded with an eye roll.

"No, like actually, Sapnap. We're not dating." George reiterated.

"Oh, so you're *single*, omega?"

"No!" Dream growled, so easily baited by Sapnap's teasing, provocative question.

Sapnap seemed to revel in Dream's reactions, very much unbothered by the alpha's dangerous stance. He almost seemed immune to Dream, accustomed to him, a certain fondness in the way his gaze would linger on the alpha.

And in any case, the beta was clearly enjoying himself far too much to be intimidated. Sapnap chuckled light-heartedly, looking between George and Dream as if piecing together a puzzle.

"Right, well I can tell I've already overstepped, and I gotta get back to work anyways, but I just wanted y'all to know that your secret is *totally* safe with me. And it was a pleasure meeting you, male omega." Sapnap declared, taking George's hand and kissing his knuckles, eliciting soft growls from Dream.

"You can stop calling me that, I have a name, you know-" George said, pulling away his hand and wiping it on his shirt.

"You do? Oh that's super interesting, dude. Anyway, see ya!" Sapnap grinned, quickly waving and exiting the room, leaving George and Dream speechless.

The couple stared at each other for a moment, before both bursting into laughter.

"Okay, I think we might have overestimated the danger there," Dream wheezed.

"Yeah," George paused for a moment. "I like him, how come I've never met him before?"

Dream shrugged. "I don't know, your paths just never crossed I guess. I've known him since we were kids."

"Really?" George's eyes widened at that, a look of intrigue appeared on his face. "How young?"

"God, like, when I was thirteen and he was around twelve I think. I didn't know I was an alpha back then." Dream hummed in contemplative thought. "Maybe growing up with Sapnap is the reason I've always been so comfortable hanging around betas."

"He was never going to expose me, was he?" George asked.

Dream sighed. "Definitely not intentionally, no. He's a good guy, genuinely. But he's a bit of a blabbermouth and that was what scared me... I probably could've explained it to you better during our date but I was in such a weird headspace."

"Oh I know." George raised his eyebrows, "you were so intimidating, so territorial. It was kinda hot, not gonna lie." George smirked and bit his lip. It was true-- on some level, George really *had* enjoyed the feeling of being protected by his alpha. Even though he was currently in the mindset of a beta, his heart fluttered at the memories.

"Oh you liked that, huh?" Dream seized George's waist, lowering his voice to a growl. "You like being protected? Little omega, my helpless little omega."

George started chuckling. "I'm on beta hormones, that's not going to work the same, baby. I'm sorry."

"Ah well, worth a shot." Dream smiled, pulling George into a heated kiss. The passion was present as always, that was one thing the hormones couldn't take from George. He moved his hands to Dream's pants, delicately unbuckling the belt as he slowly sank to his knees.

They never made it to the cafe in the end, but George's stomach was quite full by the time lunch break was over.

## Chapter End Notes

Nothing. Sapnap has done nothing. Because he is wonderful. No further comments.



# You read the newsletter?

## Chapter Summary

Ayo when are we getting more femboy content?

Patience. Soon. Damn.

Oh yeah Dream and George talk in this one

## Chapter Notes

Not me writing 'love confessions' into both of the fucking fics in writing rn

Why is it such a good mf trope tho?!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Though not ideal, work became... manageable as the pair established strict boundaries.

Censored at work, they began speaking much more frequently in calls at home, where true feelings could be voiced safely. Minecraft was used as a mindless buffer, an endearing excuse, while they discussed matters of importance-- what they could say, when and where they could meet, what they could get away with.

Around the office, playful banter resumed as normal, though the flirtatious undertones were much more controlled.

The office had always known of the infamous friendship between George and 'the Alpha,' which now came in handy-- they had always been quite the inseparable duo. Plus, many of the betas were still pretty intimidated by Dream meaning he could get away with quite a lot. The server room became something of a hotspot for the couple, providing a safe haven where they could channel their frustrations into a more... mutually beneficial outcome.

Almost three months had now passed since their 'fantasy week' and, by some miracle, the couple had managed to keep their relationship secret.

Dream approached George's desk, requesting to borrow a pencil as his had snapped and he was getting frustrated trying to sharpen it. Lunch was almost upon them and Dream could feel his hand tapping away on his thigh, anticipation and impatience beginning to make the alpha reckless.

Lunch time was server room time.

He thanked George, returning to his desk only for the new pencil to *immediately* snap on contact with Dream's notepad. He growled, swearing that he could hear a soft, audacious chuckle emanating from George's desk.

Rising once again to his feet, Dream playfully stalked back over, coming to a standstill, towering

over the omega below. George didn't even look away from his monitor.

"So... the pencil broke, George."

"Oh, did it?" George smirked. "Well I am *so sorry*, alpha."

The insolence.

"Yeah, you better watch yourself, omega-"

'*omega-*'

Dream froze. George suddenly whipped his head around to meet Dream's alarmed gaze, his mouth hanging agape. The pair began frantically looking around, trying to ascertain if anyone had heard.

No heads were turned, no muttering was audible.

No-one had noticed.

God.

"I... cannot... believe you..." George uttered, his teeth gritted but a smile tugging evidently at the corner of his mouth.

*It was only funny because no-one had heard.*

"Fuck. I didn't..."

George shot Dream a stern look. "Server room. Now," he barked. All Dream could do was nod, his heart still rapidly thumping from the rush of adrenaline.

Surely people were starting to notice how often the two disappeared to the server room, reappearing anytime from twenty minutes to an hour later, typically looking quite disheveled. George burst into such a roar of laughter the second the door closed. Dream really wasn't sure if he could laugh too, but the sight of his omega in stitches always made him gush fondly.

"Ahh, oh god," George spluttered, coming down from his laughing high, "oh, it's only funny because no-one heard."

"That's what I was just thinking!" Dream exclaimed. "But, oh god, I can't believe that slipped out so carelessly. Imagine if someone had *caught* that."

"Dream, it's okay. Nobody did." George said, his tone much more serious now.

"But... aren't you sick of hiding?"

The smile disappeared. An uncomfortable silence followed, George shifting his weight, rocking his head to the side. "Not this again, please."

"I know, I know. But seriously George, we've been at this for months now." Dream swallowed, debating whether or not to bring up something he'd been looking into. Maybe George would be interested. Maybe he'd be repulsed. In any case, it was probably worth mentioning. "Uh- did you read that notice in the weekly newsletter, about new allowances for people working from home?"

George shook his head. "No, why? Where are you going with this?"

"Here, look." Dream pulled out his phone, already open to the pdf, and handed it to George for him to read over himself.

"Wow... I can't believe you actually read the newsletter."

Dream chuckled. "Oh come on now. Look, it's saying that you can apply to do rotations, like you work a week from home and the next week in the office then repeat. It's meant to be for, like uh-" Dream avoided George's gaze as he continued, "new parents."

George raised an eyebrow, his expression softening greatly.

"We're not new parents, Dream."

"Well yeah, I know... but it's not *just* for them, anyone can apply. As long as you meet your quotas, which *you* obviously do already. And I mean, *I'd* be fine working a little harder than usual to prove that I'm reliable too and we could-" Dream sharply cut himself off. He was rambling.

It was a stupid idea, of course George didn't wanna be stuck at home every other week.

"We could..?" George repeated.

"Are you prompting me to keep going or agreeing with me?" Dream asked.

"I'm not sure yet. Convince me, what would this little arrangement look like, hm?"

"Uh-" Dream wasn't expecting George to actually humour him, he really hadn't thought that far ahead. "Well, so, like..."

George cut in. "So every alternate week, we would spend the whole five days working from our homes-- me from my bungalow, you from your flat."

"Well no, we'd obviously be living together-"

"Living together, eh?"

Clearly George wasn't taking any of this seriously; it was all just hypotheticals to him, Dream figured. In George's own words, it was a fantasy. Dream flushed with embarrassment. They weren't even officially a couple, they were... Dream didn't know *what* they were. And, oh god, 'new parents'. Why had he brought *that* up?

Dream's scent turned bitter, not that George would be able to detect that on his beta hormones-- another aspect of their relationship that they couldn't indulge in. Everything was so complicated and painful. Dream sighed, now completely dejected.

"Well I'm not living in your flat for starters. No offence, but the location's pretty shit. Plus you don't even have a garden so there'd be nowhere for the kids to run around." Dream's ears pricked, his eyebrows raised as George continued. "No, yeah, it would definitely have to be my bungalow, at least initially. I only have one spare bedroom though so we'd have to play it by ear on that front."

"George, are you fucking with me right now?" Dream asked, a tightness in his chest making him feel nauseous from the mix of fear and excitement.

George paused, looking at Dream assuredly. "I promise you, I'm not." He gently caressed Dream's face, his eyes filled with such sincerity.

"You'd be willing to try this rotation thing with me? You- you'd want me to move in with you?"

Dream's voice was so quiet, it was practically a whisper. He didn't want to risk speaking too loudly and waking himself up from this incredible dream he was clearly having.

"Well, of course. I was wondering when you'd bring it up. I mean... you're right, we couldn't have gone on like this forever. I-"

Immediately Dream noticed that George had abruptly stopped, his cheeks flushing with colour as the hand on Dream's cheek withdrew. He was holding back, Dream could tell.

"What, baby?"

"Not here. This isn't the right time, I don't think." George bit his lip. "Besides, we're in the server room, maybe we should act like it?"

Dream knew what George was referring to, tilting his head back as George swiftly got onto his knees.

Within seconds, Dream's pants and boxers were around his ankles. A faint, moist warmth was sending waves of pure pleasure around his body as George licked around the tip of his hard, throbbing dick. Dream started growling as he felt George take his entire length in his mouth, as he was so good at doing by now. Pure ecstasy flooded his senses, making his eyes roll back.

He also reflected on what George had said: '...nowhere for the kids to run around...' What was Dream supposed to make of that? There were so many intrusive thoughts he'd been pushing down for so long about breeding the omega, watching his belly swell with their pup. His breasts would develop, so full and tender, look so cute in George's little outfits. Dream would protect him, care for him, form an official pack with him.

Dream moaned loudly as he indulged in his fantasy future. A future which suddenly seemed slightly less unattainable, less impossible.

But what a responsibility that would be. Clearly not something for the near future by any means, yet now no longer merely perverse fantasies. George wanted this too, probably. Maybe.

Whatever. Dream couldn't think right now, not with his dick being taken so nicely, his beloved looking so pretty, with his beautiful, pink lips wrapped around Dream's cock, eyes looking back up at Dream in such a blissful haze. It was worth it, it was all worth it, for George.

All for the man he *loved*, George.

All worth it.

## Chapter End Notes

Second chapter in a row to end on a blowjob lmao

This is just how they all end from now on...

# Excitement in its purest form

## Chapter Summary

Last workplace chapter I promise

## Chapter Notes

So I'm a little late posting the chapter...

In my defense,

Next question-

That was so close.

George had gotten so excited he'd almost said it.

How awful that would've been-- his first ever time saying 'I love you' to Dream... in the company server room. Really awful.

Besides, George was planning on telling Dream once his scent was back to normal, once he was in more comfortable attire.

But he wanted to say it. God, he wanted to shout it, especially seeing that Dream had been going to such an effort, looking for a way to establish a proper pack for the couple. Hearing the way his sweet voice had said 'new parents', how nervous he'd gotten all of a sudden. Dream had thought about that before, George could tell. Which was a very good thing because George now felt considerably less crazy for having the exact same fantasies.

They'd only been romantically involved for a few months but Dream and George had known each other for several years. They were a pack, even if it was never made official, and George just knew in his heart, in his gut, that Dream was the One.

But it was scary, naturally. The transition from *secretly fucking at work* back to cohabitation and domesticity was one that both excited and terrified George.

Still, once the idea was verbalised, it didn't take long for arrangements to be made. Dream had gone to Sapnap asking for help with moving his stuff to the bungalow as he already knew about George's omega scent. George had grown to like Sapnap, to really trust him even. That's not to say that there hadn't been a close call or two, Sapnap being the excitable, talkative beta that he was, but he always recovered seamlessly.

Their 'work-from-home scheme' applications had been approved. A date had been set.

Dream was to move in on the Saturday before their first week working in the bungalow together would begin, and it was rapidly approaching. Though morale was consistently high at work, Dream always being available whenever George was feeling particularly needy, anticipation was definitely building. On the final Friday before their arrangement began, George had been squirming all day, almost unable to contain his excitement. Dream even pulled him aside at one point to inform him that his emotion was so strong, he could detect the scent *through* the beta hormones.

George hardly cared. He was going to get to be himself every other week from now on. He was elated.

"I can't stop thinking about it. You have no idea how happy I am that you suggested this, Dream. Seriously, thank you." George said, pulling Dream in for an affectionate hug after work, in a space outside the office that they knew to be completely safe.

"Are you gonna take the beta hormone neutraliser when you get home?" Dream asked.

"Uh, probably... why?"

"Georgie," Dream pulled George in close, letting his sensual voice rumble by George's ear. "Aren't you forgetting something, baby?" The tone shouldn't have affected beta George so much, but the excitement and anticipation of it all was clearly getting to him, causing him to let out a soft whimper.

He thought for a second then cocked his head to the side and shrugged.

"What happens when you come off the beta hormones for the first two days? Any guessers?"

Oh.

George had totally forgotten again.

"My heat."

"I'm not moving until Saturday afternoon, are you sure you don't just wanna wait a day-- come off the hormones Saturday and have your heat Sunday and Monday?"

"Monday?" George raised an eyebrow. "You know the whole point of this arrangement is that we actually *work* on the weekdays."

Dream chuckled to himself. "I'll be quick if you want, baby."

Fuck, there it was again. That rumble. George felt his cheeks flushing as Dream's smooth words started getting to him again. His dick had started hardening, straining against his pants.

"Dream, don't talk like that. I'm really susceptible right now." George whined pleadingly, watching as Dream's eyes drifted to George's crotch.

"I thought I couldn't affect you. What's wrong, little omega? Strong mess of emotions starting to get to ya?" Dream growled.

This time George actually moaned. Somehow, Dream was penetrating through his hormonal barrier, tapping into a part of him that had been buried for months. Overwhelming feelings of excitement to live with Dream merged into feelings of eagerness to be intimate with him.

"No, Dream, actually. I'm--"

"Yes, I can tell. Would you like me to help you there, Georgie?"

George froze, biting his lip as a hand made its way to his pants. Dream palmed the dick through the fabric, softly stroking as he maintained eye contact with George. He was just about to unfasten them when the sound of heavy footsteps began approaching.

Dream swiftly backed away from George, leaving his throbbing cock unattended to. As the footsteps grew louder, George held his breath.

"Oh there you guys are!"

Both Dream and George audibly groaned.

"What are you doing here, Sapnap?" Dream asked, rolling his eyes.

"Looking for you guys, you're the ones that told me that you meet here." Sapnap paused, analysing the situation. "And maybe don't look so disappointed to see the guy who's offered to help you move your shit for free."

"You just agreed because you want to see where I live." George interjected, crinkling his eyes.

Sapnap scoffed dismissively-- a move that he knew irritated George, but in a harmless and playful manner. "Anyway, I wanted to go over a few things beforehand..."

George stood and listened as Sapnap asked a hundred questions, going off on tangents and rambling uncontrollably. At least George wasn't hard anymore, that was a relief at least.

He now took the opportunity to think about what Dream had said, suggesting that he come off the hormones on Saturday morning instead of the second he got home. Sapnap and Dream's back-and-forth faded into white noise.

Not the hugest fan of the idea of spending *another* night in his nasty scent, he had to admit that a morning spent alone in heat didn't particularly appeal. Especially as, without intervention from an alpha, the heat would continue intermittently for the entire day, which is what George used to have to contend with in the past.

It wasn't fun.

No, George decided he'd wait off until he had Dream to help him, certain that after months of blowjobs, handjobs and quick fucks in the server room, the alpha would be quite happy to see his pretty omega back in a nice, soft bed.

It now of course occurred to George that this would become a part of his routine. If every other week he went back on beta hormones, only to come off them as soon as Friday arrived, George would be experiencing a lot of heats from now on. Perhaps this was the universe's way of saying '*so you really thought you did something, taking heat suppressors?*'

Hopefully Dream wouldn't mind. Surely he was already aware, he'd thought of almost everything so far. Good attention to detail, thorough in assessing situations, Dream was quite the perfect alpha. And he deserved to be with the perfect omega.

George already had an outfit in mind for Saturday by the time the conversation between the childhood friends concluded. Dream exasperatedly told Sapnap to calm down and just text him anything else he needed to know, but only if it was actually *essential*.

Sapnap feigned a look of offence. "Dude, that *was* all essential. Can you believe this guy, George?"

George chuckled. "I can't believe how good you are at getting under his skin."

Suddenly, Dream was pulled into a headlock by Sapnap, who began fondly ruffling his hair. "It's because we've known each other for such a long time. Ain't that right, Dreamy boy?"

It was a position that Dream could've easily escaped, a position that no beta would normally ever attempt to put an alpha in. But Dream let him get away with it, rolling his eyes again for George to see and laugh at.

Before he knew it, George was back home, feeling jittery and excited as ever. Even though he didn't want to ruin any of his pretty clothes with his beta scent, he picked out what he was going to wear for tomorrow, carefully laying it out before busying himself with some coding projects for the rest of the day.

He went to bed, grinning like an idiot, knowing that the next time he slept, he'd have his alpha beside him.



## Lots to unpack here

### Chapter Summary

You want domestic dnf? I'll give you fucking domestic dnf

### Chapter Notes

Ayo I do be kinda writing an essay in the notes at the end of the chapter so maybe read them afterwards maybe?

Cool, thanks, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap had arrived at Dream's with his car early Saturday morning to allow them time to pack everything they needed by lunch. It was nice to spend one-on-one time with him; they hadn't had an excuse to just enjoy each other's company since they were both still in their teens.

The only thing to rival Dream's excitement was probably Sapnap's, so keen to smell George's real scent again. It should've threatened Dream, but, while he was protective, he was never really possessive. George was a person, not a piece of meat to be fought over. And it didn't hurt when Sapnap told Dream that the reason behind his asking so many questions the day before was because he *himself* had a date in the evening. Some American couple had moved recently and were looking for a third party to liven up their sex lives or something. Dream wasn't sure of the details but it sounded like this beta duo of 'Karl and Quackity' had really captured Sapnap's attention.

Weird, how so many Americans seemed to gravitate to this specific city in southern England.

"Where are you going on your date, Sapnap? Do you know yet?"

"Dude, obviously I insisted on that place with the chicken. Are you kidding me? They never miss!"

Dream laughed light-heartedly, recalling the fond, if a little bittersweet, memory of he and George's first and only date.

Once the pair finished packing, they each went to their now full cars and set off for George's bungalow. Dream arrived first, having ignored the route that his phone suggested because he knew of a faster one, and as he stepped out of his car, facing that familiar blue door, it swung open for him. What a sight to be greeted by.

The beautiful girl, how Dream had missed her.

George was glowing, once again smelling intoxicatingly like himself. Dream was practically drooling at the scent alone, but George's adorable white, fitted sweater, tucked into such a cute, short, light blue skirt made his heart soar.

George looked so truly happy.

Dream couldn't believe he'd managed to forget just how feminine George could look in his cute little breasts and makeup, and just how *pretty*. He felt like he was seeing him again for the first time, heart swelling as Dream remembered that day all those months ago when he'd returned George his phone and the pair's lives had changed forever.

"Welcome home, Dream." George said, with a smile so bright it could rival the sun. Dream dropped a box he was holding, disregarding its contents, and ran to George, lifting him up and spinning him. Giggles rang out from the omega's mouth as Dream finally placed him back down, seizing the back of his neck and pulling him in for the sweetest, most cathartic kiss of his life.

They continued making out on George's front porch, allowing time to flow around them. It didn't matter, they would have all the time in the world together now.

Soon enough, Sapnap pulled up, the sound of his car door slamming finally breaking the kiss. He started walking over to where Dream and George were standing and seemed to freeze in his tracks.

"George?" was all the beta seemed able to manage, his eyes wide with wonder.

George stepped away from Dream, allowing Sapnap to get a good look at his new form and attire. He was enjoying the attention, Dream could tell but was by all means happy to let his omega indulge after so long in hiding. And he really did look so different from the unassuming beta he played at work, so vibrant and so *cute*.

"Something the matter, Sapnap?" George pursed his pink-painted lips together, wrapping his arms behind his back and pushing out his shapely chest. "If you're struggling to cope, you're free to leave, go find some grass to touch perhaps."

"Oh hell no, I'm not going anywhere, you can't make me." Sapnap pointed at Dream accusatively.

Dream hummed, tilting his head to the side. "I mean, we both know I can if I need to. If *my George* feels uncomfortable at any point, I'm sure he'll let me know, won't you baby?" Dream walked behind George, pressing his chest against the omega's back and wrapping his arms around his small waist. George nodded, and Sapnap made a childish gagging sound in response, requesting that they just get on with unpacking already.

"Oh before we start, I made you guys some food if you want it." George exclaimed.

Various mumbled noises of approval escaped Sapnap's mouth while Dream took the time to actually thank George in full sentences. The omega began leading the others to his kitchen, the sweet tapping of his high heels against the plank flooring making Dream's heart swell.

As they walked, Sapnap tapped Dream on the shoulder, silently mouthing to him 'oh my god' and subtly but frantically gesturing at the way George was swaying his hips as he walked. Dream smiled fondly at his friend.

"Hey George, I think Sapnap likes your outfit today," he said once they reached the kitchen, Sapnap glaring in response.

"Is this true, Sapnap? What do you like about it?" George replied tauntingly. He immediately caught on to what was happening, clearly enjoying letting Sapnap feel like the smaller man for once. And with George in heels, technically he now was.

The beta stammered a few incoherent words for a moment. "It- uh- god, you- you really dress like this all the time?"

"Like what?" George frowned, feigning confusion. Dream loved seeing George so playful again. "Is there something weird about my outfit, Sapnap?"

Sapnap shot a 'help me' glance but only received a shrug from a now very amused Dream.

"George. You have titties, dude."

At this, Dream burst into a fit of wheezes and George followed suit, laughing hard at Sapnap's candour.

Dream could see how much more comfortable George was by how confident and lively he was being. Though never one to back away from Sapnap's challenges anyway, he never usually bit back with such oomph. He looked so strong, so alive. Dream felt like he was falling in love all over again.

Following lunch, everyone set to work unloading the various boxes from the two cars. George wasn't super helpful, spending most of the time distracting Dream, seizing him by the waist or arm or whatever he could reach, clearly just trying to be close to his alpha.

After so long on beta hormones, George had probably forgotten the potency of Dream's scent and how much he would be affected by it. Dream started releasing his soothing scent for George, knowing that it would go undetected by Sapnap. It wasn't necessary of course, George wasn't on edge, but Dream liked seeing that dazed smile on his omega's face as box after box was brought into the house.

In an almost surprising twist, Sapnap ended up being extremely efficient, doing well over the majority of the work. Occasionally he checked the time on his phone, clearly wary of being late to his date. It was sweet, seeing Sapnap's excitement manifest itself in nervous bubbles.

"Guys, I really wanted to get home and freshen up before my date tonight. I think my car's empty now. Y'all mind if I dip?" Sapnap asked, a new timidity lacing his words.

Only a few boxes remained, more than manageable for the couple. It was getting fairly late, the sun almost setting.

"I think we can take it from here, thank you Sapnap." George said sweetly, planting a quick kiss on the beta's cheek. The smile that spread across Sapnap's face and the shade of red that he turned afterwards were indicative of his appreciation.

"Uh huh," Sapnap uttered without moving.

"Sapnap, you can go now, buddy" Dream called out. "And thanks again for all your help today. George and I really appreciate it." George nodded in agreement.

After getting one last good look at George, Sapnap seemed to snap back to reality, quickly waving at the couple and getting back into his car. He drove away, but not before rolling down his window and blowing a kiss at George then chuckling to himself.

Alone at last, Dream looked at his omega and was greeted by wiggling eyebrows and a cheeky smirk.

They could always unpack the rest of the boxes tomorrow, no rush at all.

They would have all the time in the world together now.

## Chapter End Notes

Here's the karlnapity date for anyone interested:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/29823468/chapters/73376955>

# Sunday morning in heat

## Chapter Summary

Been a while since we've had a smut chapter, no? Shame, I always liked those...

## Chapter Notes

Heads up! This one is in fact porn.

Last full smut chapter before we end this mf.

Hope you enjoy!

And check after note pleasee :))

George awoke with a jolt early Sunday morning, his head muddled and hazy, his ass slightly tingly from the activities of the previous night. It had been so, so nice being back to normal, being able to *feel* everything again.

Being able to feel Dream again.

Last night, as George put on his nightie, he'd been able to sense Dream's delight before even turning to face him, to sense his scent change in the way that only an omega could. How the strong alpha's hand had gently grasped George's waist, slowly running it downwards along the natural curve of his slender body. Dream had pulled him in close, growling seductively in his ear in a gesture he knew would finally make George see stars.

And George had. He really had.

But now waking, there was something new. While the slow and steady, tender pace the couple had taken last night was absolutely intoxicating at the time, George now felt an overwhelming sense of urgency. A quest for fulfilment, a need to be *full*.

He started whining and whimpering, in what his brain informed him was the most efficient way to wake the alpha sleeping beside him. Evidently correct, Dream was able to pick up on the scent of his omega in distress and wake himself, slowly opening his eyes to the sight of George practically in tears.

"Is it time, baby? You want it now?" Dream softly uttered, moving a lock of hair from George's face that was sticking to the sweat forming.

That was, as George took it, his signal to really start acting helpless, whining some more and writhing around in Dream's arms, softly beginning to cry from his desperation.

"Alpha, please. Alpha. *Need* you, alpha. Need you inside me *now*, please. *Please*, alpha."

"Okay, G- omega." Dream corrected himself, knowing that it would bring George some comfort to hear his title. "Okay, omega. Let's slip these off, shall we," Dream said, reaching below George's nightie to slip off his lace panties. "You wanna keep your pretty nightdress on, baby? Or you want it off?"

"No time, please. On, on," George whined.

The covers were pulled away and Dream helped George to his knees. George went down onto all fours with Dream gently guiding him and began to feel a digit circling around his entrance. Dream tenderly pushed in one finger as George moaned, making sure that it was okay before he added a second.

"Am I doing this right, omega? You gotta tell me if something feels off." Dream uttered, George frantically nodding as his only way of communication now. The fingers started moving around inside George, making him jolt and yelp in surprise. "Georgie, please. I need words right now."

"Ahh- yes, alpha. You're- ah- you're stretching me nicely. Th-thank you, alpha," George barely managed to get out before he went back to his stifled moans and whimpers. Shortly after, George reached behind himself to tap Dream's arm as a signal that he had been stretched enough.

Swiftly, George was turned over so that he was on his back and staring down at him were two bright, loving eyes. Dream smiled warmly, reassuringly, as George continued to squirm needily below him. Even though George couldn't express it at present, he was so, so grateful for the effort Dream was going to.

With his clean hand, Dream caressed George's cheek wiping away the remnants of a few tears, a gesture which George melted into. "I'm going to start pushing in now, omega. I need your guarantee that you'll be able to tell me if something's wrong. Got it?"

It took all the strength George had, but he managed to croak out, "yes, alpha. Th-Thank you alpha."

George reached for Dream's shoulders, gripping them with force as he felt Dream slowly pushing in, slick providing smooth passage. In and in and in, George had somehow forgotten how *big* Dream was, and with how slow he was taking it, he felt even bigger. Everything felt different in heat, every motion sent waves of pleasure across George's burning body, waves of primal satisfaction.

Once Dream was fully inside, George started to pinch the flesh on Dream's arm as a way to communicate to not start thrusting yet. He would need it in a minute or so but, for now, George just needed to savour the feeling of being filled.

Soon, his grip began to loosen and Dream readjusted his stance in preparation to begin thrusting. "Alright, beautiful. I'm going to start now. You know what to do if it gets too much, right?"

"Mm y-yes, alpha. P-Please just get on with it." George whined, eliciting a soft chuckle from Dream.

With that, Dream began his slow pumping motions, monitoring George closely for his reaction. George's eyes rolled back, a contented smile spread between his cheeks. Dream began to speed up, each thrust bringing George more satisfaction, more energy.

"Nng harder, alpha." George whispered, surprising Dream. "Please, alpha, faster. Need you to f-fill me, please. Need your seed- ah- now."

George continued his begging, Dream, hesitant at first, now starting to pound more forcefully, to the delight of the omega below.

"Yes alpha, please fill me with your seed- ah! Please, *breed me*, alpha! Want your pups! Want to be- nng- filled with your pups! W-Want you, n-need you! Alpha!"

George never usually babbled like this, certainly not about being bred. It just felt so right to him, living with his alpha, having pups, being claimed. He was still on heat suppressors so there was no chance of a pregnancy. George knew this. So why did he want it so bad?

Dream was thoroughly out of breath, panting heavily as he neared his climax. It was close, George could easily tell. He could also tell that Dream was seriously enjoying hearing his omega begging to be bred, continuing with even more vigour as the couple neared their orgasms.

"Mate me, alpha! B-Breed me! Want your pups- ah, need to be f-filled, alpha, please! For you, alpha, only for you. I serve y-you, I submit to you! I- ah- belong to- ah- y-you!"

I love you!"

At that, Dream finally came, filling George so, so full with his warm seed, to the omega's delight. Dream's low moans were almost entirely drowned out by the omega's pitchy cries of pleasure.

George was in ecstasy.

As soon as Dream hit his climax, George came as well, coating the inside of his nightie with his cum. The pair were breathing heavily, Dream's hands now wrapped around George's slim waist as he looked down at him.

Dream started pulling out, only to be quite abruptly stopped by George's broken whines.

"No, alpha, wait. S-Stay, please."

George wasn't really sure what he was saying at this point, he was just going off instinct. He felt Dream hesitate for a moment before eventually just agreeing to wait until George came down from his high. The omega felt so *full*, staring back up at the man he loved with such pride in his heart. Everything just felt so *right* with him.

After almost five whole minutes, George finally began to recover enough to let Dream pull away, wincing faintly at the loss. He remained on the bed, fatigue beginning to spread across his body as he let his eyes flutter shut. Before passing out, George felt Dream planting kiss upon kiss along his chest and neck and face. George pouted his lips, as a signal to Dream for where to kiss next.

George's final memory for the morning was Dream's tender lips against his own and the soft utterance of Dream's voice in his ear.

"I love you too, George."

# Pancakes with jam

## Chapter Summary

Chatter chatter chatter lol + domestic? Maybe?

## Chapter Notes

Next chapter will be the final before we branch off for the pregnancy arc.

How exciting!

Dream was extremely conflicted after finally coming down from his high.

George had never gotten like that before. He used to be so careful not to fall too hard into his primal instincts, knowing that control was considerably more challenging for Dream. But it became obvious what George truly longed for.

He wanted to be bred.

The way he hadn't let Dream pull out initially was his way of simulating being knotted. Dream physically couldn't knot on his rut suppressors, but he tried his best to make the experience as close as possible, for George's sake.

They'd never really talked about this, always dismissing the notion of having pups because the world was just too unforgiving at present. George couldn't go on maternity leave without exposing himself as an omega, and Dream refused to let that happen. No way he was going to let George risk everything like that.

But it was getting progressively harder for Dream to deny how much he wanted it too-- to be a real pack, with real pups to care for.

Dream left George to sleep for a bit after they finished, taking a quick shower and being careful to not use up too much hot water. He then started running a bath for George, adding a few products he managed to find in the cupboard to make some bubbles. From next door, a groggy omega was beginning to stir, calling out for Dream by name and thus informing him that George was back in a more normal headspace. Dream swiftly walked over to him, picking him up bridal style and carrying him over to the bath.

"Thank you, Dream." George uttered, softly. "I don't deserve you."

"Hey, stop that right now." Dream gently chided, helping George out of his nightie. "I'm the luckiest guy in the world, right now, here with you."

George climbed into the bath, gripping Dream's hand for balance. Assistance with getting cleaned was offered but George assured Dream that he could manage, thanking him once again. Now Dream set to work, gathering the dirty laundry and stripping the bedding, making it clear that he



was more than happy to do his bit and wouldn't leave George all the housework now that they were living together. They were a team now. The last thing Dream wanted was for George to feel taken advantage of; he'd already been so accommodating.

Honestly, Dream wanted nothing more than to spoil his omega, to make him feel loved every single day.

He started preparing some breakfast for George and himself, something he knew would go over nicely-- American style pancakes. George had all the ingredients and Dream began, recounting the recipe from heart. Dream's mother used to make these all the time for him when he was a pup, maybe Dream would one day get the chance to do the same for his own litter.

George eventually emerged, lingering in the doorway of the kitchen. He was wearing a simple oversized sweater with a short, yellow, flowy skirt and his feet were bare, only the thin material of his white thigh highs in between them and the ground. Though George had on a cute pair of B cups, he wasn't wearing any makeup and his hair was still slightly damp. Dream thought he looked absolutely beautiful regardless. His naturally plump, pink lips were pouting and his eyelashes fluttered once he saw that Dream was at the stove.

"Good morning, Georgie," Dream affectionately called out. "Pancakes?"

George slowly walked over, his movements gentle and almost shy. "Hmm, those don't *look* like pancakes to me."

"Oh yeah? Well these are *real* pancakes. You'll love them, trust me. And they're almost done." Dream felt George press a sweet kiss to his cheek, chuckling softly in delight. "You can go sit at the table now, baby. What would you like on them?"

George hummed for a second before reaching into a cupboard above where they were situated. "Strawberry jam, please."

"Coming right up."

Once seated, Dream swiftly brought over a plate containing a couple of pancakes in a stack, as well as a glass of water for George to hydrate. The gesture was subtle, but Dream made absolutely certain that George drank it entirely before eating.

"D-Dream?" George timidly uttered, avoiding eye contact. "Should we- I mean, I think we should talk about this morning."

Dream froze for a second, thinking back to everything that was exchanged as the couple made love.

"You mean regarding you uh, wanting me to uh-" Dream cleared his throat. "-to knot you?"

"Oh god, you *did* realise what I was doing. I barely registered it myself, I was just-" George's cheeks flushed and he sighed. "I was just giving in to my instincts. I'm sorry, I know it was reckless. It just felt so right at the time."

"I understand, George. I felt it too."

George's eyes widened, finally daring to catch Dream's gaze. "You did?"

"I did. But I don't think it's possible right now. Do you understand what I mean by that?"

A look of dejection appeared in George's face for a second, but he quickly banished it and nodded.

"I would love to have pups with you, George. But right now it's just... the risk is too high. We've just gotten this amazing arrangement sorted and I don't wanna risk losing it."

"No, yeah, I get it. Uh- a lot of what I was saying was the heat talking anyways. I'm not *that* desperate, don't worry." George quickly added "oh but not the uh- the part where I said 'I love you', that was all me, I swear."

"Good. Because I love you too." Dream beamed. "So I suppose, for now at least, we just gotta wait. The world turns right?"

George nodded. "And we turn with it. Things will change Dream, and for now, we have all the time in the world. Together."

The couple found themselves easily slipping into a routine. All chores were fairly distributed, George was never allowed to feel like the overworked omega housewife. Dream made an effort always to treat George, and to savour every day by his side.

Every other week, the pair had something they affectionately started referring to as their 'weekend morning fuck-off' whereby George would go into 'mock' heat, and a game would be played to see how long he could function before the heat took over. Sometimes George would have time to dress up, getting in some fun roleplay when the heat would hit late morning. Sometimes it awoke George with a start at the crack of dawn. It was highly variable, but Dream always ensured that he was prepared for whatever he would get, enjoying every minute of pleasure with the man he loved.

# What the future may hold

## Chapter Summary

The final chapter innit

## Chapter Notes

Final chapter :)

It's pretty sappy I'm not even gonna lie, make sure to brush your teeth after reading.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Many months had passed.

It was an in-office week for the couple.

All day at work, there had been a buzz around the office about this 'important announcement from the government regarding omegas in society'. George had been especially quiet since waking, making a point of looking as unassuming as possible, deeply terrified that something was about to happen to him. The government *never* acknowledged the existence or struggles of omegas, typically electing to pretend they simply didn't exist. Harmful rhetoric had been building for a while now; whatever the announcement was about surely wasn't going to be good for George.

The Secretary of State for Omega Affairs, an alpha male who'd had his position for over a year and, before that, had served as an important political figure, was scheduled to give a speech at 6pm. There was endless speculation over what he was going to say, but the general consensus was that omegas weren't going to like it.

George sat on the couch, anxiously snuggled into Dream's chest as the clock ticked over to 18:00. Dream was holding him tight, intermittently planting kisses on his head and uttering sweet reassurance of "it's okay, beautiful, you're going to be okay." The TV was switched on and flicked over to the scene of an alpha standing behind a podium surrounded by microphones and camera flashes. George held his breath, the pair both watching intently as the speaker cleared his throat.

"Good evening and thank you very much for joining us," he began. There was something actually rather familiar about his stance, George noted, having never seen a video of him before. It wasn't obvious, but it was enough to capture George's attention for a moment before he dismissed it.

The politician rambled for a little, quickly assuring omegas that any speculation regarding making their lives harder was completely false. "Quite the opposite, in fact," the speaker added.

What?

"A large, covert operation, led by myself, investigating the cruel treatment of omegas, particularly of the male variety, within certain underground circles has finally come to an end with, what we all

consider to be, an extremely satisfying result."

George swallowed hard, his brow furrowed as he continued listening. A politician addressing what was happening to male omegas? This didn't happen, this never happened. Never. It was practically an unspoken law of its own-- *never address what happens to the missing male omegas*.

"The leaders at the very tops of these circles have been uncovered and exposed by my team, which subsequently lead to their arrests. Almost a thousand male omegas across the country have been rescued from varying degrees of captivity."

George's heart was pounding, his greatest fears were really being addressed by the secretary of state right now, right in front of the entire nation.

"In response to this, and as a deterrent for the future mistreatment of omegas, strict new laws will be coming into practice guaranteeing better *protection* for our omega brothers and sisters."

What? Government-enforced new protection? George sat in disbelief. His eyes, wide and transfixed on the screen in front of him, began watering from his unblinking state.

"Additionally, effective immediately, omegas will be allowed access to *any line of work* and the ban on omegas in the workplace is lifted. Those omegas who *have* been altering their scents via hormones are now encouraged to stop taking them and live freely."

This couldn't be happening. This was too good to be true, surely.

"And to show my support for this, I am taking this opportunity to publicly announce that I myself am an omega and I have been taking alpha hormones since I was fourteen. I am not alone, and neither are you, omegas watching and listening."

Right, well that explained the familiar stance from earlier.

No, wait. Fuck. There was no way-- no way that George was hearing what he thought he was hearing. Protections for omegas? Tears began slowly falling from his face, unbeknownst to George whose attention was still entirely fixated on the screen. Dream's hand made its way to George's shoulder, gently rubbing as he released his soothing scent.

Why was he releasing his-

Oh, of course. George was crying. Fuck, like he really, *really* crying. How had he not noticed his own harsh sobs, his blocked nose, his flooding eyes. Even the knot in his chest which now impeded heavily on his breathing. Could he breathe? He couldn't breathe.

"Hey, Georgie. Hey, baby. Are you alright?"

"I can't- I ca- I- I can't b-" George continued sobbing, with Dream quickly shuffling under his embrace, running to the bathroom and grabbing a roll of toilet paper. He held some of the tissue to George's nose, commanding him to blow. Then with a new piece, he started furiously dabbing at George's tear tracks and planting occasional kisses on his face where those tears had fallen.

"Okay, alright. You're good, George. Hey, this is- this is good, George. This is really, really good!"

George sniffled hard. Eliciting a soft "ew" from Dream and making the pair laugh.

"I can't believe it. I'm still- my body is- I'm literally shaking," George exclaimed.

"Same, Georgie." Dream held out his hand and, sure enough, it too was trembling. "This is so crazy. I mean what does this *mean* for you? That you can stop hiding now? Go to work as an omega?"

"I-I don't- k-know..." George felt himself becoming overwhelmed again and Dream seemed able to sense this.

"Of course, baby. Sorry. I just," and with that, Dream started babbling about all the potential areas of his life that this would affect. George quickly zoned out as one particular thought came to the forefront of his mind. It was a thought that was always there in truth but now it was, well, *there* and George just *had* to voice it, just to free himself from the echo chamber that was his head.

"Pups." George uttered softly, immediately snapping Dream out of his rambling.

"What, George?"

"If I can tell work that I'm an omega, if I can *go* to work smelling like an omega... does this mean we can actually have pups?"

Dream's mouth fell agape in disbelief, his eyes started watering at simply the mention of this scenario. He looked down at George, placing one hand, then two, on his belly.

"Pups," he echoed through his exhale.

"Dream, I can openly apply for maternity leave, I think. Obviously we'll have to give work a moment to adjust, for the new mandates to start taking effect. But oh my god!" It was Dream's scent glands that now caught George's attention. "Oh my god and also, Dream. If-If I don't have to take beta hormones again, you can claim me and the scent will stick. We can be a pack, like officially."

George finally managed to catch Dream's eye after he'd been gazing at George's stomach for a little while. He smiled at his alpha and Dream smiled back, beaming ecstatically.

"I love you so much, George."

"I love you too, Dream. So what do you wanna do next?"

Dream seemed taken aback by the question, clearly a million ideas flooding through his brain. His brow then furrowed. "Nothing."

"What?"

The look in Dream's eye was sincere and caring. "Let's make sure that things actually start to change before you endanger yourself, okay? Let's give the world a bit of time to turn some more."

George nodded, wistfully.

Dream then lightly touched George's chin, an unspoken request for him to meet his eyes again. "But after some time has passed, after we know for sure that you will be safe..." Dream smiled brightly, kissing George tenderly for a sweet moment before continuing. "Let's have pups. Let's start a pack together. Truly, I want it more than anything. And, god, I love you, George. I love you more than you will ever know. I'll always be here for you, Georgie, and for the beautiful, amazing pups we'll have. And I love you, George, so much."

Dream sat back down on the couch, his omega in his arms. Excitement filled every crevice in the

air, hope suddenly shifted from something wistful to something tangible.

It was real, it was all real.

No more hiding. No more fear or shame.

And who even knew what else the future would hold? Not George. Not Dream. But it didn't matter, because they were together now and they had each other.

"I love you too, Dream. I love you too."

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much to everyone who's been reading this fic! For anyone stopping here, I really hope that this serves as a fair conclusion to the story and that you've enjoyed reading!!

And for y'all who are gonna be reading the pregnancy arc, hello! It's the third fic in this series (the second being the karlnapity date oneshot). Literally, pregnancy fic picks up right after this chapter ends so read whenever you feel like it. But fair warning it gets pretty self indulgent, if you know what I mean...

Thanks again for all the kudos and lovely comments! Really, really hope this fic turned out okay xx bye :)

Works inspired by this ~~one~~ [Always](#) by [trivialtrash](#)

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